

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

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## MILLIONAIRES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY GEORGE H. FITCH.

BALZAC, with his royal imagination, never conceived anything more dramatic, more picturesque, or more essentially unreal than the rise to fortune of the score of men who may be classed among the great millionaires of the Pacific Coast, the enormously rich men who will "cut up," to use an expressive phrase, for more than twenty millions. Balzac reveled in millions as a miser gloats over his golden hoard, and he endowed many of his characters with the generous hand of the novelist; but he dealt in francs, not dollars, and the bourse speculators and the great financial schemes that he loved to describe pale into insignificance before the fortunes and business operations of the half-dozen men of the Pacific Coast, who, in mining and railroads, have made fortunes that would have been called royal even in the days of Caesar and Imperial Rome.

Nowhere in this country, outside of the oil regions of Pennsylvania, have vast fortunes been gained in so short a time as in California and Nevada. The wealth of Girard, Stewart, Astor, Vanderbilt, was laboriously and slowly gathered, when compared with the sudden leap to fortune of the railroad and bonanza kings of California. In its rapid development, its enormous profits, and its crushing monopoly, the Southern Pacific Company is only to be compared to the Standard Oil Company. Both have been built up by men with a genius for managing vast enterprises, but the leaders in both have no more bowels for small competitors than the ghost of old Marley that

Scrouge saw on that famous Christmas Eve. There is no standard of comparison for the Bonanza mines of the Comstock lode that within five years lifted four men above the twenty million limit and added four hundred millions to the world's wealth.

The Pacific Coast millionaires may be arranged, like the geologic formations of the earth, in three ages. The primary period embraces the famous men who made the Golden State known round the world. They were the pioneers, the Argonauts, the adventurers who built a great State in the far West and transformed in a single decade the wretched, Spanish-American cattle-raising territory into one of the richest States in the Union, with resources as varied as its climate and with all the appliances of an older civilization grafted on the vigorous life of the frontier. The most prominent of these pioneers were Harry Meigs, who sailed out of the Golden Gate one night with all his belongings, leaving behind an army of deluded creditors, and who amassed an enormous fortune as a railroad builder in Peru; Sam. Brannan, who founded his wealth on Mormon tithe-money, was the foremost citizen of San Francisco in its stormy youth, and then suddenly dropped out of sight to vegetate in Sonora and dream of another great fortune to be made out of the leagues of land granted him by the Mexican government, but now in possession of the fierce Yaqui Indians; William C. Ralston, the Napoleon of the Far West, who did more to develop California than any score of his associates, and who died by his own hand

when ruin stared him in the face; and William T. Coleman, the leader of the old Vigilance Committee that saved San Francisco from the rule of gamblers and thieves and made honest government possible. The limits of this article forbid more than this allusion to the men of this period.

The secondary period is the era of the railway kings, which saw the conquest of the snow-crowned Sierra Nevada and of the alkali desert that stretches away eastward from the base of the mountains to the prairies

land and speculative millionaires like Haggin, Tevis, Miller, Lux, Mills, Hearst, Baldwin, Luning, and others, who, are above the ten-million level.

The aggregate wealth of all these Pacific Coast millionaires would make cheap and poor the riches of Monte Cristo or the treasures of "King Solomon's Mines." Even if it could be stated in exact figures, the average reader would have as poor a conception of it as he has of the weight or bulk of fifty thousand dollars in gold. What



LELAND STANFORD'S RESIDENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

of Wyoming. It includes Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins, Collis P. Huntington, and Charles Crocker, known in negro minstrel parlance as "The Big Four," whose combined wealth is estimated at one hundred and eighty million dollars.

The tertiary period is the age of the bonanza kings, which saw the development of the Comstock lode in Nevada, the richest silver mines in history, the addition of over four hundred million dollars to the world's supply of the precious metals in ten years. It includes the names of Flood, O'Brien, Fair, Mackay, Sharon, and Jones.

Another and a later era must embrace the

will be attempted in this article is to give pen-pictures of the more prominent of the Pacific Coast millionaires, with brief sketches of the way they made their fortunes. It may be added that all were poor men thirty years ago, and that all would furnish good examples to add to Smiles' collection in "Self-Help." Fortune first came to them because they were shrewd, energetic, far-sighted, economical, abstemious. Their histories all show crushing losses and disappointments at the outset of their careers, but these disasters served only to bring out the mettle of which they were made, and to stamp them as types of the American, the

best representative to-day of the sterling qualities of the Anglo-Saxon, the world conqueror.

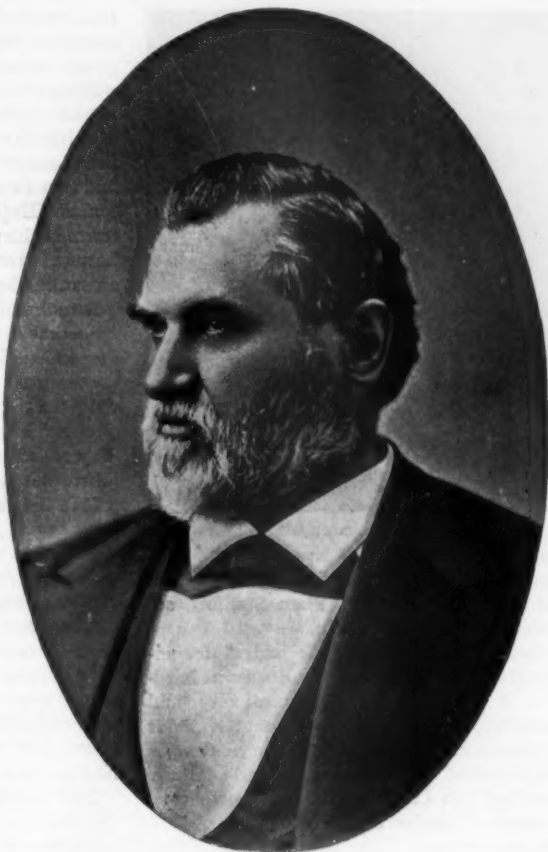
## I.

## THE RAILWAY KINGS.

THE story of one of the four founders and builders of the Central Pacific Railroad is the story of all. Of radically unlike character, they have still worked together so closely that their fortunes have been identical: but to two of the four belong the credit of leadership. Of these two—Leland Stanford and Collis P. Huntington—Stanford is the broader-minded and more liberal man, Huntington the more subtle, far-seeing, and diplomatic. Hence, in furthering the great railroad enterprise that has made them among the wealthiest men in the country, Stanford was given the practical management of the building and operation of the road on the Pacific Coast, while Huntington controlled the equally difficult and important department of securing government aid at Washington and the negotiation of the company's bonds here and abroad.

Of the other two partners, Mark Hopkins was a skillful book-keeper and financier, while Charles Crocker had strong executive capacity and was useful to Stanford in the management of the details of railroad building.

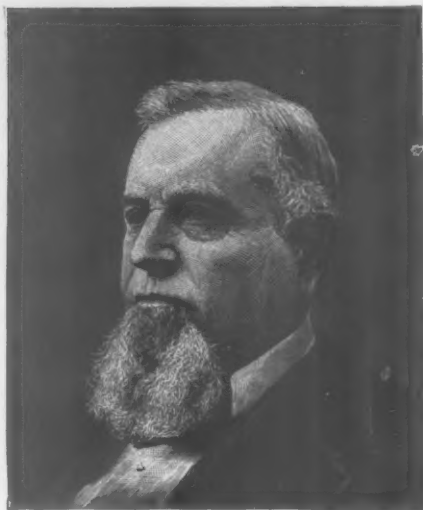
The first place in my sketch of the building of the Central Pacific Railroad belongs to Leland Stanford, who by character, wealth, and position was the leader in the enterprise. He came of excellent English stock, his father being a farmer near Albany, N. Y. Young Stanford, after the study of the law, went to Wisconsin, but there he suffered the disaster of the loss of his law library by fire. He came home undismayed, and while casting about for a new location, in 1852, he caught the California gold fever. He engaged in the



LELAND STANFORD.

general merchandise business, and ten years saw him the possessor of perhaps \$100,000. In 1861 he was elected Governor of California by the Republicans, and it was in this same year that the project of spanning the continent with a railroad was discussed and that the California Legislature granted a charter to a company of which Stanford was president and Huntington vice-president.

Never was a great work begun under more untoward conditions. The road had to be built to Ogden in Utah, a distance of 878 miles. The rugged foot-hills, the almost inaccessible heights of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, the desolate alkali plains of Nevada, the terror of the overland wagon trains, the cañons of Utah—all these had to be overcome. By making use of natural passes over the



CHARLES CROCKER.

mountains the engineers finally decided that the road was feasible. Then Stanford set to work to try to gain help.

The position was this: He had as associates Huntington, who was a dealer in hardware at Sacramento, the capital city, and Mark Hopkins, Huntington's partner. Their combined capital would not have made over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Many of the Californians had crossed the plains and climbed the Sierra in the overland emigrant trains. These pioneers scouted the idea of building a railroad, and their opinion had great weight with others. The result was that the projectors could get very little aid at the outset in their own State. From the general government they secured the noble land grant that was worth many millions; but before they could use this land grant on the government bond of thirty-five thousand dollars per mile, they were required to construct the first fifty miles of road. It was in overcoming this difficulty, in inspiring the confidence of capitalists, that the genius of Stanford was shown. Even when government aid came it was badly handicapped, for the bonds were worth only about one-third of their face value. All through the dark days of the war the company went pluckily on with their work. Any one who lived in California at that time can recall how the bonds and stock of the struggling corpora-

tion were hawked about without finding purchasers. They were like the bonds of the government. Few men in California were willing to buy the seven per cents, as the workers declared that they would be repudiated like the old Continental bonds. It was the common opinion, both in Sacramento and San Francisco, that Stanford, Huntington, and Hopkins had sunk all their own fortunes in the railroad, and that failure would be sure to overtake them when they tried to cross the Sierra.

It took the courage of great connections to overcome this public sentiment; but Stanford in California and Huntington at Washington and New York accomplished it. Early in 1867 the tunnel under the summit of the Sierra Nevada was finished, and on May 20, 1869, the last spike was driven that joined the East and West.

It is interesting now to read the brilliant letters of A. D. Richardson to the *New York Tribune*, in which he described the scenes of this ride across the continent, now grown almost as familiar to thousands of tourists as the trip across New York State or the tour of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. The journey from sea to sea, which then consumed twelve days, has been cut down to six, while the hardships of old-time railroad travel have been so eliminated that a Sybarite might now enjoy the journey.

The completion of the railroad witnessed the sudden advance of all its projectors to great wealth. Immigrants flowed into the State by thousands; the company's lands became valuable; the facilities of the road for transporting freight and passengers were taxed to the utmost; new territories were opened and clamored for railroad connection, so that a little more than ten years after the opening of the original road saw the building of a new line through Arizona and New Mexico. The rapidity with which the Southern Pacific Road was constructed is one of the marvels of American railroad building. Since then no less than three other transcontinental lines of railroad have been built, others are still in process of construction, while the development of the Pacific Coast as well as of the vast interior territory, which the old school geographies used to call the "Great American Desert," has outstripped the dreams of the most sanguine Western speculator.



These years have naturally witnessed great changes in the fortunes of the men that built the first Pacific railroad. All except Hopkins are still alive, and all bid fair to enjoy many more years of life. Stanford's health is broken, as much by the loss of his only son as by the weight of years and heavy cares. Personally, Stanford impresses one as the most sincere of the three men. He has a face which once seen is not soon forgotten. It is a massive face, with overhanging eyebrows and great ox eyes, still keen when he looks up to note the effect of what he says. He talks with extreme deliberation, selecting his words and apparently weighing every statement. His legal training, his long familiarity with great enterprises as well as his association with prominent men at home and abroad have given him a breadth of mind in which his Californian associates are lacking.

Stanford's only passion is for fine horses, and this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto in the heart of the Santa Clara valley. There he has a large number of fine thoroughbred horses, and when he goes down to this country home it is his pleasure to sit in a large chair in the center of a ring and

see his favorite young flyers brought out for trial.

It was while watching one of these fast trotters—an animal which had the enormous stride of twenty-three feet—that the millionaire conceived the idea that in some part of his course the horse must entirely clear the ground and have all four feet in the air. So he decided to have his horses photographed while in motion. He secured the services of a skillful photographer named Muybridge, and he arranged an ingenious system of cameras worked by electricity by which an instantaneous view of the animal was given as he passed the home line. About forty thousand dollars were spent on these experiments; but they overthrew all previous notions on the subject, and the work which Stanford had written and published, entitled "The Horse in Motion," is a valuable contribution to science. Senator Stanford has also done more than any one else to improve the breed of horses in California, and to demonstrate that the climate of that State is superior to Kentucky for the breeding of swift trotting and running stock.

It was the hope of Senator Stanford to perpetuate his name and to hand down his wealth



CHARLES CROCKER'S RESIDENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

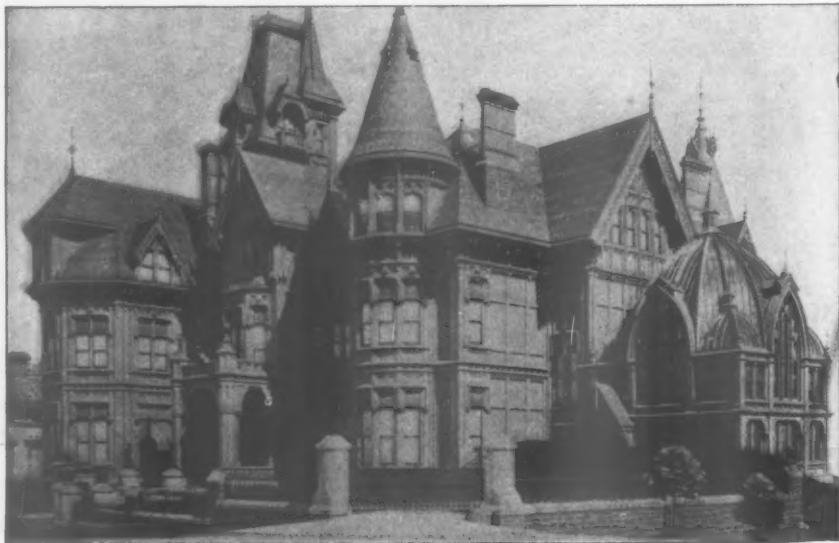
to his only son, Leland Stanford, Jr., a lad who showed marked ability in mechanics. But the boy had a weak physique, and three years ago, while in Florence, he contracted the Roman fever and died suddenly. His death aged the father more than twenty years of work and responsibility had done. It led him to devise means for leaving a memorial to his dear son in the form of a great industrial university to be established on his estate at Palo Alto. He sought distraction from grief in outlining the plans of an institution more generous in scope and endowment than any in this country. He called to his aid the best educators, and with characteristic energy he completed last year the plans for the "Leland Stanford, Jr., University," with an endowment of more than twenty millions, in lands and other property, which is sure to increase greatly in value in the next decade. This endowment includes the Vina ranch of fifty-five thousand acres in Tehama County, on which is the largest vineyard in the world; the Girdly wheat ranch in Butte County, comprising twenty-one thousand acres; and the Palo Alto ranch and stock farm of



JAMES C. FLOOD.

seven thousand two hundred acres. The total value of these three ranches is five million three hundred thousand dollars.

When in California the Senator spends nearly all his leisure at his country estate.



MRS. MARK HOPKINS' RESIDENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO.



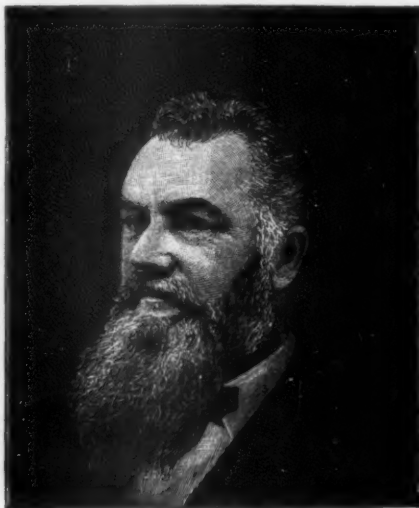
J. C. FLOOD'S RESIDENCE, SAN FRANCISCO.

His town house, on the crown of what has been irreverently dubbed Nob Hill, cost, with its furnishings, not less than one million five hundred thousand dollars. It is occupied perhaps two months in the year by the owner. It is rich in wood-carving and frescoes, and the art gallery contains the largest collection of old masters outside of a public gallery in this country.

Mr. Stanford was elected United States Senator from California two years ago by a large vote. He met practically no opposition in his own party, for even his enemies recognized his honesty and his fitness for the position. When he announced himself as a candidate, the contest was settled. The Senator divides his time between Washington, New York, and San Francisco, in all of which cities he has houses. He is generally accompanied by his wife, who was Miss Lathrop, of an old and well-known Albany family. She is known for her many charities, the Kindergarten Schools of San Francisco being specially indebted to her bounty. She has probably a larger and finer collection of diamonds than any one in this country, but she seldom wears them.

The fortune of Stanford is estimated at fifty million dollars.

Adjoining the Stanford mansion in San Francisco is the striking Norman castle of Mrs. Mark Hopkins. Her husband was the financier of the railroad company, but he wore himself out by constant application, and for several months before his death he



JAMES G. FAIR.



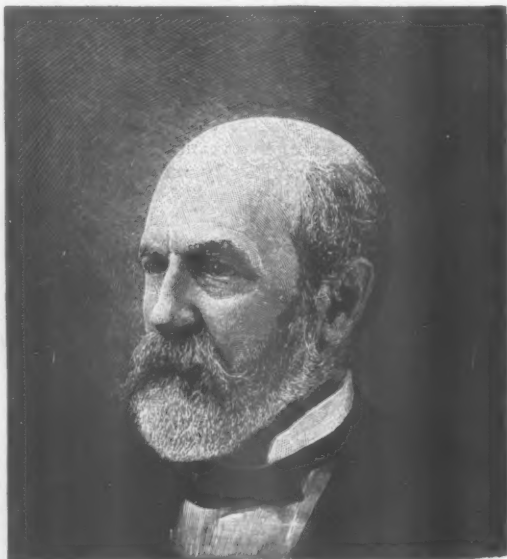
JOHN W. MACKAY.

had forgotten his own identity. Just before this loss of his memory, he had begun the construction of this superb residence. One day his medical attendant took him to the top of the hill, where he saw the work of building going on, when the millionaire turned to him and in a querulous tone asked, "What infernal fool is wasting money on such a house as that?" He died soon after. His widow, who was a poor New England girl when Mr. Hopkins married her, inherited all his wealth. She still retains her shares in the road, and her adopted son is one of the rising young men in the railroad office. Her country home is at Great Barrington, Mass., where she has built a costly summer residence. She is regarded as the richest woman in America, as she has a fortune of at least forty million dollars, of which she does not spend one-half the income.

In the next block above the Stanford and Hopkins palaces is the large and pretentious residence of Charles Crocker. There is no architecture about it, but it is finely furnished, and has a large art gallery. Crocker was taken

into the railroad company in 1862 with his brother, and his executive abilities were of great help in the building of the railroad. He also had charge of the building of the Southern Pacific Road. In mental ability and in education, however, he is far inferior to his associates. He has a heavy, pallid face, with no signs of mental vigor or alertness in it. He is credited with great shrewdness in business affairs, and intimate knowledge of all the details of practical railroad work. He recently purchased a costly house in New York, which he will make a bridal gift to his only daughter on her approaching marriage, while he is now building a fine house on one corner of his own lot in San Francisco for a son who was lately married.

It is Mr. Crocker's custom to ride home from the railroad offices in San Francisco in the democratic street-car. Any one who sees him leaning his weary face on his large, gold-headed cane would take him for a deacon or a philanthropist, so benevolent is his expression and so immaculate his clerical-looking neck-tie; but the observer would be greatly mistaken. Crocker has the reputation of being the most merciless of all the millionaires. Some idea of his character may be gained from this incident. When he



C. P. HUNTINGTON

bought the block on which his present residence is built, the owner of one lot, a stubborn German, at first refused to sell. When his avarice became excited by the millionaire's intent eagerness to buy, he gradually increased his price after each successive offer. Finally Crocker became enraged and swore a mighty oath that never while he lived would he buy that property. So he built a huge fence, twenty-five feet high, around the house and lot of the German. The latter soon had to remove his house, and the fence, somewhat reduced in height, still remains to mark the millionaire's wrath, although the German has been in his grave for several years. Crocker is regarded as worth thirty millions, of which much is in real estate.

Of the railroad millionaires C. P. Huntington is least known in California. For more than twenty years he has made his home in New York and Washington. In keenness of intellect and knowledge of men he ranks above Stanford. He is a great organizer, an accomplished diplomat, a manipulator of railroad shares and of railroad legislation, second only to Jay Gould. It shows the rare combination of diverse talent among the founders of the Central Pacific Railroad that one of these four men should have possessed in supreme degree a faculty that was probably the salvation of the whole enterprise in its darkest days.

Huntington was a natural trader. The stories of his early shrewdness when he did business in Otsego County, N. Y., resemble the similar tales of Gould's precocious ability for overreaching his neighbors. He went to California in 1849, and his increase in wealth was only the natural result of the application of extreme shrewdness and economy. In partnership with Mark Hopkins he built up the greatest hardware business in the State, and for years the firm dealt largely in miners' supplies. When the railroad building began, they supplied much of the material for the roads, and this, with his interest in the railroad, made Huntington one of the great millionaires of this country. His fortune is estimated at forty millions; but is probably beyond this, since he has spent very little on outward display. His only expensive taste is for pictures. He lives simply and quietly in New York, but like Jay Gould his hand is felt over a wide

extent of territory. As an organizer he is probably the equal of Gould. His latest exploit—the opening up of the long line of railroad which ends at Newport News and the establishment at that port of a great wheat-shipping depot—has occupied him for the last ten years and, if successful, will add materially to his vast fortune.

## II.

### THE BONANZA KINGS.

Of all the bonanza millionaires James C. Flood is the most able as well as the most conservative. To him has been given the charge of the great banking institution in San Francisco which represents an enormous capital, and he is credited with the management of the periodic stock "deals" in San Francisco which add several millions to the account of the bonanza firm and leave hundreds of small speculators wailing and gnashing their teeth over losses that they are ill able to bear. Mr. Flood is a large, well-preserved man of sixty years; with his heavy features, gray hair, and of high color he looks more like a fox-hunting Irish squire than an American business man. But a second look at his face shows some of the secrets of his success. He has a strong nose and a powerful, square-cut chin. These facial traits are borne out in his character. American by birth, Mr. Flood seems to have inherited the shrewdness as well as the strength of constitution of his Irish ancestry. He was one of the pioneers who sailed around the Horn in '49 for the new El Dorado of the Pacific. He tried mining on the Yuba River, made three thousand dollars by hard work in a placer claim, and then went back to New York to engage in business. He found his capital too small, and after a year he returned to San Francisco, formed a partnership with William S. O'Brien, and the two opened a small liquor saloon in a building that still stands as a reminder of the scene of the swiftest leap to fortune ever made in this country.

This saloon was then the meeting place of local merchants, gamblers, proprietors from the mines, and adventurers. It was a combination of social club and business exchange. There, many an important bargain was made, and to this place, as to a haven where they knew help was sure, came the penniless proprietor whose pockets were full



of specimens of ore with millions in it. Naturally, the partners, who were generous to these old miners, shared in the news of the discovery of any rich ore, and by their aid shared also in the proceeds of its development. In 1862 they made their first lucky investment in several of the mines on the famous Comstock lode in Nevada. Their gains, which began with thousands of dollars in a month, suddenly advanced to millions. In 1863 they took into partnership John W. Mackay, who held large interests in these silver mines, and six years later the firm was made four-sided—like the Pacific Railway organization—by the admission of James G. Fair, the most skillful practical miner on the Comstock as well as the most able mine manager.

From this time on for six years the record of the bonanza firm, as it was called, is the record of the rapid accumulation of wealth that has never been equaled outside of the "Arabian Nights" stories. The extraordinary richness of the mines led to the wildest scramble to secure stock that has been seen since the days of John Law's South Sea bubble. The gambling passion in San Francisco infected nine-tenths of the people. It broke down all barriers of religion and moral scruples, and swept its victims into the flood which led to sudden fortune.

Skeptics like the late Senator Sharon, who had declared that the Comstock was exhausted, rushed in to buy stock. Stocks which a few weeks before were selling for two or three dollars per share bounded up by jumps of fifty or one hundred dollars to eight hundred or nine hundred dollars a share. Regular dividends of several dollars per share were paid monthly.

This country has never seen gambling excitement to equal that which prevailed in San Francisco from 1870 to 1875. A magnificent stock exchange was built; seats were worth forty thousand dollars; the brokers were a privileged class, and did business in palatial offices, arrayed in purple and fine linen; many of their clients were ladies who came in their carriages to collect dividends or invest in new stocks. These brokers, whose legitimate fees frequently amounted to one thousand dollars a day, ate and drank of the best; they made San Francisco, like Nineveh of old, the resort of pleasure-seekers, the para-

dise of sensuality; theaters, restaurants, gilded gambling hells abounded. Meanwhile a steady stream of silver poured down from the Comstock, and to the heated imagination of the speculator the wealth that surrounded him seemed destined to endure forever.

But the collapse came over ten years ago, and the whole imposing fabric crumbled into ruin. Over four hundred million dollars of silver and gold were taken out of the Comstock mines, and the shares represented nearly as many millions when the "boom" was at its height. The shrinkage of these fictitious values was appalling to those whose whole fortune was invested in mining stocks. The leading shares fell in six months from nine hundred to two hundred dollars; then began the decline that finally resulted in reducing the noblest of the Comstocks to the speculative gutter. The shrinkage affected materially the fortunes of the bonanza millionaires; but they still owned the chief mines, and in all these years they have utilized the properties for the sake of stock gambling. Periodical "deals" have been made, each resulting in gain to the managers and cruel losses to their dupes. Remorseless as the car of Juggernaut the assessment machine has rolled along, wresting from the hard-working people of the Pacific Coast several hundred thousand dollars every sixty days. Millions of dollars, which should have gone into homes for laboring people, have been thrown into the maw of the assessment machine, and have gone to swell the fortunes of the half-dozen mining millionaires. A careful estimate shows that the amount paid out in assessments in fifteen years more than equals the sum received by the owners of Comstock shares in dividends.

But the gambling interest can not be crushed out, as recent events have demonstrated. Last October you could buy any of these Comstock stocks for fifty cents a share; some were as low as a quarter of a dollar. Then the pumping out of water in the lower levels of the mines was abandoned, and every one predicted that the end of gambling in these shares had been reached; but a fortnight later rumors of discoveries of rich ore were circulated, and within a month these same stocks had advanced many hun-

dred per cent. Thus Consolidated California and Virginia, which had been quoted at fifty cents, rose to fifty dollars, while others ranged from twenty to thirty dollars. The excitement was intense. The old stock speculators crowded the once familiar exchanges; once more the hard-earned gains of the poor were flung into the wheel of fortune. The singular spectacle was presented of the regular brokers, skeptical of the "boom" that was bringing them a royal revenue in commissions, "shorting" the market in anticipation of a tumble in prices. But the stocks continued to advance until finally the most reckless brokers could no longer endure the strain, and failure followed failure in quick succession. These depressed the prices of stocks, but they still remain at figures that represent three or four times their real value.

Personally, Mr. Flood seems to get small satisfaction from his immense wealth. He has no expensive tastes, and it is doubtless the feeling that his family should enjoy all that wealth can bring that has induced him to establish his luxurious villa in the Santa Clara valley, and the still more luxurious home on the summit of California Street, in San Francisco. For many years after he had gained millions he lived in a modest house and made no pretensions to wealth. Then, following the example of many other rich Californians, he bought a tract of land in the town of San Mateo, the home of a score of millionaires. This he converted into a garden, and built in the center what good judges regard as the handsomest country house on the Pacific Coast. The architecture is Italian renaissance, and the house being painted a dazzling white, its grace and lightness are brought out against the vivid green of the lawn that surrounds it, a green as perfect in this genial climate in December as in June, so that one would fancy from a little distance that he was gazing on the pleasure-house of some Italian noble of the sixteenth century. The brilliancy of the gleaming white walls is enhanced by the beautiful blue of the roof of the veranda, and by the large blue and white Japanese vases that stand on either side of the door-way. The main stairway is of black marble with two Egyptian lions of the same material on either side, while a stone's throw in front is a black marble fountain.

Near at hand is a great conservatory that includes hundreds of the choicest potted plants, while scattered about the lawns are many rare plants and shrubs, and in urns that line the broad driveways to the house are the beautiful fan palms, with their feathery leaves, looking as fresh and vigorous as though they felt the air from their native home under the burning equator.

Mr. Flood's San Francisco residence is noticeable as the only house of Connecticut brown stone in the city. It is one hundred by one hundred and ninety feet, Roman classic in architecture, and is as severely plain and ugly as the Stewart marble palace in New York. The interior, however, is very beautiful, no expense having been spared in ornamentation and furnishing. The architect was Augustus Laver, who built the capitol at Albany, and the decoration was done by the same New York firm that embellished Tilden's Gramercy Park palace. The building and decorations cost nearly one million five hundred thousand dollars, while the furnishings cost an additional nine hundred thousand. Several firms competed for the contract of furnishing the palace and submitted designs; the award was made to the highest bidder, because of the superior taste displayed. This is said to be the largest single contract ever made in this country for the furnishing of a private house. Amid this luxury are now living a family that twenty years ago was contented with the simplest furniture and the plainest food. Mr. Flood has a wife and two children, a son and daughter, both unmarried. There is small prospect that either will ever be married, so that another generation will probably see the dissipation of the Flood fortune of thirty million dollars, so rapidly piled up.

Senator Fair, of Nevada, who makes his head-quarters at San Francisco, and is a citizen of the Silver State only for political purposes, is a difficult character to analyze. Of all the bonanza firm he no doubt has contributed the most to the great development of Comstock lode. He has mining genius, which was tested by many hard experiences in the early days of California. Like Flood, he worked with pick and shovel in the placer mines, but met with small success; and it was only when he began to experiment with quartz mining that his natural aptitude was shown. When the

boom first began on the now famous Comstock, he joined the expedition of Californian miners that set out for the desolate mountains. His faith in the richness of the mines that were then just opened never wavered, and he put every dollar that he could command into these properties. The extraordinary skill that he showed in overcoming the new difficulties presented in deep mining brought him to the front, and he was superintendent of several of the largest mines when Flood proposed the partnership that resulted in the bonanza firm. It was Fair who designed most of the heavy machinery for pumping the lower bed of the mines, and for carrying on operations at a depth that would have amazed miners of a generation before. Much of the success of this mining was due to the fact that Superintendent Fair knew intimately every detail of the work that he managed, and that he insisted upon efficiency and economy. With the diamond-tipped drill he explored all the property surrounding the rich lodes in search of other ore-bodies, and the fact that none have been uncovered is confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ that the Comstock is practically exhausted.

Though Senator Fair was born in Ireland, he is as thorough an American as Flood or Mackay. In person he is tall, stalwart, and handsome. In his fifty-sixth year he looks to be not over forty. His iron constitution and his abstemious habits have preserved him from all illness. He has none of the bluff directness of Flood in conversation. He talks slowly and hesitatingly, as though he were selecting his words with great care, in a low, soft voice. He is a master of persuasive argument, and his faculty of promising more than he cares to perform is proverbial on the Comstock, and many are the good stories told of the miners who put faith in "Slippery Jim's" promises. He has the cunning of the serpent when there is any question of trade, and the singular feature of his character is, that even in small matters he shows the same desire to get the better of his neighbor.

Perhaps it is his strong Celtic imagination, perhaps the desire to mystify those with whom he comes in contact; but whatever the cause, Fair has the faculty of romancing that would be worth a fortune to him had he turned his talents in the direction of fiction.

He seems to have the power of picturing himself as the central figure of every story that he hears or of every experience that befalls others. This makes him a remarkably amusing companion; but it forces his hearers to exercise some fine discrimination. In a word, he has a genius for those illustrative details that the great "Poo Bah" in the *Mikado* declares "give verisimilitude to a bald and uninteresting narrative."

This trait was never shown to greater advantage than in his journey around the world with some San Franciscans. He was constantly regaling them with adventures that they were morally certain had never happened to the Senator, and he mystified most of those whom he encountered by his marvelous tales of California. Perhaps the most striking of his improvisations was given for the benefit of an Englishman who had a fine sugar plantation near Shanghai. After they had been over the estate, Fair complimented their host on the condition of the place, but casually remarked that he had a little sugar patch of his own in southern California, a trifle of twenty-five thousand acres. The Englishman looked his astonishment, whereupon the ingenious Senator began to enlarge upon the methods of sugar culture in California. He showed the minutest knowledge of all the processes, information that he had gathered during a vacation trip to the Sandwich Islands, and he closed a long disquisition on the subject by declaring that when he planted his hundred thousand acre tract in sugar-cane the markets of the world would begin to recognize the importance of the sugar industry in the far-Western State. When Fair had left the room the puzzled Englishman appealed to the Senator's friends for light on this mystery of sugar-cane culture in a State that was not mentioned in his books on the subject. They prudently told him that while their friend had no doubt indulged in the Western habit of exaggeration when he spoke of the size of his plantation, still no one could tell what varied enterprises he was engaged in, and sugar-making might be one of them, for all they knew. One of the gentlemen who traveled with him on this memorable trip declared that Fair had a Napoleonic memory for details and that nothing of importance ever escaped his eye. He seldom read anything except an occasional newspaper, but

all his information was derived from people and observation.

Senator Fair's fortune is estimated at about fifteen million dollars. Years ago, when there was great depression in San Francisco property, he bought real estate there by the acre. This now represents the most substantial part of his fortune, as its value has increased in many cases ten fold. The Senator has also tried his hand as a railroad manager, having owned for several years the South Pacific Coast Railroad, which extends from San Francisco to Santa Cruz, the most popular watering-place on the Pacific Coast. He is now holding this as a speculation, for the road will be valuable as the terminus of one of the great transcontinental lines. The Senator is no longer a member of the famous bonanza firm. About two years ago there was a falling out between him and Flood; Mackay bought the Senator's stock in the Nevada Bank, and the old partnership was brought to an end.

Until he became a millionaire Fair had a happy family life, with his wife and four children. With wealth came dissension. The general impression is that the Senator, like Griffith Gaunt, objected to the presence of a priest in the house, and that this was the primary cause of an estrangement which rapidly grew and culminated in a divorce suit by the wife and a division of the property. She received about four million five hundred thousand dollars, including a magnificent residence in a fashionable quarter of San Francisco.

John W. Mackay, the remaining member of the bonanza firm, is far more widely known than his partners, partly because his cable projects have brought him into prominence, and partly because of the notoriety which his wife gained in Paris and other European cities by her entertainments, and by the marriage of her daughter to the Prince Colonna. Mackay, like Fair, is above all things a miner. I doubt whether he is ever so happy as when superintending work on the Comstock. There he dresses like the miners; he is plain "John" to all the old men now as he was twenty-five years ago, when fortune had not yet favored him; and he takes the same kindly interest in

their welfare that he did when superintending of a mine in 859. Like Fair also he is of Irish birth, and came to this country when a mere lad.

The story of his fortune is substantially the same as that of his partners. He knew the miners on the Comstock intimately; they had some capital; the partnership formed as far back as 1863 resulted in great wealth for all. It was Mackay's knowledge of mining, like Fair's skill in all engineering difficulties, that gave the Bonanza firm so great an advantage over their rivals. But all these were prominent qualities that would have brought them above the surface in any pursuit. Some idea of the tenacity with which they held to their plans may be gained from the fact that when they had only moderate wealth, they spent a half-million in prospecting the lower levels of the Ophir mine, while the skeptics ridiculed the attempt as the work of lunatics. For this expenditure of a half-million they received one hundred and ten million dollars in the precious metals.

Mackay's wealth is rated at twenty-five million dollars.

Were it not for his gray hair Mackay would be called a man under forty. He preserves the freshness of complexion and brightness of eye which seldom endure beyond fifty. He is well known for his kindness to any old Comstock miners, and his charities are many, but unostentatious. Mackay, like his partners, is too much occupied with business enterprises to have any domestic life. For years his wife has lived in Paris, where the splendor of her entertainments and her lavish charity have been the subject of newspaper correspondence. She was a poor widow when Mackay first met her in Nevada, and her life has been as hard as that of the millionaire. She came of good Southern stock, however, and fell naturally into the ways of wealth, so that one who saw her only a few years after her marriage would never have dreamed that she belonged to the *nouveaux riches*.\*

\* The portraits and sketches in this article are from photographs by Tabor of San Francisco, except those of Mr. Flood and Mr. Mackay, which are by Morse of San Francisco.

## THE RESURRECTION OF SIDDHARTĀ.

BY AUG. GLARDON.

### I.

THE aged priest Amrah returned to his home under a temperature of ninety-five degrees in the shade, and seemed to pay no attention to the intense heat. With an air of indignation, and muttering incoherently to himself, he traversed with short, hurried steps the highway leading from Odhipoor to Ramelah, where it curves along the southern shores of the lake. When he reached the extreme end of the promontory, he stopped suddenly and raised his head.

The view was a grand one. On the right stood the city, white as milk, rising tier above tier along the lowest slopes of a hill, its cubes of masonry cut into thousands on the background of dark green mango groves. On the left the plain spread out, as far as the eye could see, its fields of sorghum ready for the sickle; and, in the warm mists of the horizon, the flying silhouette of the peaks of Aravalli could be seen. The promontory upon which Amrah stood fell perpendicularly into the lake. On the opposite bank, white marble palaces and bathing pavilions of a thousand colors alternated with groups of date trees, fig and tamarind; and all this charming landscape decoration was repeated inversely in the mirage of the gray waters below.

Amrah's eyes fixed themselves on a little isle, a wondrous clump of verdure and of flowers, where the slender colonnade of a palace showed through copses of lemon trees. But the old Brahman was thinking of nothing less than admiring it. His little eyes, glittering with covetousness, seemed to devour with their regard the enchanting island. His brows were knit frowningly, and his fingers kneaded fiercely a magnificent necklace of pearls that he held in his hand. He made a gesture of vexation, and, turning to the left, disappeared in a ravine, which in a few minutes brought him to his dwelling.

In the midst of rambling grounds, susceptible of cultivation but left fallow to mark the sanctity of the spot, a high rectangular wall inclosed a kind of garden, or

rather forest, whence the roof of a sugar-loaf-shaped pagoda pointed toward the sky.

Amrah pushed open a worm-eaten door with his foot, and entered an avenue that wound between mango, fig, and banian trees, whose huge and distorted trunks dipped into thickets of herbaceous plants.

Lianas as thick as pythons, rising from the bosom of masses of gigantic ferns, strained in their voluminous folds the towering monarchs of primeval growth. In the greenish twilight fluttered the wings of innumerable moths, and under the tall grass the murmuring of flowing water could be heard. After the dust of the sun-searched soil, and the dazzling glare of the open air, there was something startling in the contrast.

A feeble but never-failing spring made the fortune of this little bit of ground. It was the only one for miles around, and the popular imagination had attributed its origin to an otherwise terrible divinity, the sinister Kāli. Hence the erection of a temple, of which Amrah was at present the officiating priest.

When he had arrived at the end of the long alley of verdure, the old man stopped to cast a look of contempt on the edifice that had served him as a dwelling for almost the half of a century.

An artist might have uttered a cry of admiration. The pagoda was small, it is true; its roof, formed of truncated cones piled one upon the other, diminishing in size toward the top, was not much higher than the fig trees that pressed upon it almost to suffocation. But how decrepit with age and venerable the little old pagoda was! Its reddish sandstone, tinted green by the moisture of the long rains and perforated with millions of little holes, looked as though half decayed. From the finely fluted pilasters set in the walls a stone had fallen here and there, and turtle-doves nested in the cavities. Plump pigeons cooed along the cornices. A black monkey with scarlet face, seated on the edge of the roof, his hands resting on his knees, seemed placed



there expressly to personify the genius of the spot. He descended precipitately at the sight of his master, and, approaching him coaxingly, was about to rummage the folds of his girdle, where more than once before he had been taught to find toothsome delicacies meant for him. But the priest was in a bad humor.

"Down, Hanouman ; *teith d'an diabrail leat !*" (Go to the devil ! ) the reverend Brahman cried.

This very uncanonical exclamation was accompanied by a gesture so terrifying that the poor animal fled incontinently with his tail in the air.

"Lalloo !" vociferated the Brahman. "Hey, Lalloo ! where in the world are you ?"

A yawn was the answer to this appeal, and a young boy, clad in a handkerchief of Indian muslin, came out of a bamboo hut, stretching his arms. The threatening mien of his patron gave him a salutary shock, and he ran up to him murmuring the customary, "*Cia an nith is dil leat ?*" (What is your pleasure ?)

"My pleasure ! My pleasure !" replied the priest. "You care much about it ! Is this the way you guard the house during my absence ? And if some faithful worshiper had come ?"

"I would have waked up, Sahib. The *Deagh-Mhathair*\* (Good Mother) would not let me sleep."

"Hold your tongue, you speak nonsense. And yet, what matter ?"

The old man raised his arms to Heaven to take it to witness that his discouragement was justified.

"Yes," he added in a doleful voice, "the good days are gone by for the *Deagh-Mhathair* ! Since that accursed Bāboo hit upon the scheme of building a temple to *Chrishna Tighearna* (Lord Chrishna), the Good Mother has been abandoned ; she, the patroness of the realm. And as for us, all that is left us is to die of hunger !"

From the depths of his rotund paunch the good man drew a profound sigh. He looked at the necklace that he still held in his hand, and anger again took possession of him.

"See," said he, "that is all his majesty gave me. I demanded of him a new pagoda

and a small domain in honor of the patron goddess, and he answered me with this trifle. All the favors, all the smiles to-day, are for that ill-begotten god, who has no other merit than to be the latest comer in our good city of Odhipoor. By the belly of Brahma, what do they want me to do with three or four dozen pearls ?"

He threw the necklace at Lalloo's face, who dodged, and ran to pick up the precious ornament.

"Is it for me ? Can I have it ?" cried he with beaming face.

"How, rogue ! A necklace worth a thousand crowns, the like of which could not be found in the kingdom ! Give it back quick, or——"

Lalloo handed the necklace to his master, but this time he did not escape the cuff that struck him full on the jaw.

After this summary punishment, Amrah, his soul much relieved, directed his steps majestically toward the pagoda. The door was closed only with a latch, an old oaken door covered with filigree work of iron wrought with marvelous delicacy. He opened it, and, closing it behind him, found himself plunged in the cool obscurity of the sanctuary.

There were no windows, and it might have been pitch dark night, were it not for a little opening, skillfully effected above the door between two rough hewn stones. A thin ray of light by this means stole into the pagoda, and penetrated to the lowest recesses, causing the menacing image of the goddess to rise from the darkness, a statue of polished ebony, perhaps two thousand years old, and of a diabolical aspect. In its eyes, formed of large rubies circled with unburnished silver, danced a ruddy flame. A frightful grin twisted its mouth, bringing into view two rows of pointed teeth and causing to protrude a tongue as red as blood. From its neck and arms hung strings of rich jewels, and its breast was crossed diagonally by a chaplet of little skulls in polished ivory, as big as oranges. The lower part of the body was almost hidden in darkness ; but two massive and crooked legs could be vaguely perceived, resting on the carcass of a dead tiger.

The priest crossed the sanctuary in order to hang the newly acquired collar on the neck of the goddess, when he stumbled in

\* Popular name of Goddess Kālī.

the darkness. A soft body barred his way. He stooped with an exclamation of terror, and ascertained that a man was there, prostrate in the attitude of prayer, but insensible and cold. A corpse, a corpse in the house of God; that was the last straw!

At this moment Lalloo entered, attracted by the unwonted cry whose echo had shaken the edifice. Aided by the Brahman, who was panting with fright, he carried the unfortunate into the light of day. He had come, it seemed, to expire at the feet of the goddess. "It is a fakir," said he, after having examined him.

## II.

It was in truth a fakir; the naked limbs were smeared with ashes; the breast zebraed with alternate lines of red and white, the unkempt hair, proclaimed him such. That tall, emaciated form stretched out in the sun was indeed that of an ascetic. Amrah considered him in silence, asking himself if he had never before seen this personage and how it happened that he had stranded on his premises.

All at once the fakir's breast arose, then sank slowly; a moan issued from his lips, his eyes opened. He threw around him an astonished gaze and made a sign that he was thirsty. They gave him a drink; then he arose, and, supporting himself on the shoulder of the young man, went and lay down at the foot of a banyan tree. Thus far he had not spoken a word. As for the Brahman, the violent shock had struck him dumb.

"My brother," said he to the fakir at last, "*An sikh Dê Ort!*" (God's peace be on you!) "You are welcome in the house of Kâli; but who are you, pray, and why have I found you just now at the feet of the Good Mother in this miserable condition?"

The fakir pressed his hand on his heart and bowed with a strange smile on his face.

"It was only a fainting fit," he murmured. "I have been traveling five days without tasting food. Please give me a little milk. Father, am I so changed that you do not know me any more?"

Amrah fixed a searching regard on that face, wasted by suffering, that nevertheless smiled on him.

"Siddhartâ!" he cried in a hoarse voice. "No, it is not possible. You could not have changed in this way!"

As the fakir continued to smile, he turned toward his attendant and said to him with comical roughness:

"What are you doing there? Haven't you been told to go after milk?"

Then he threw himself on the breast of the fakir and pressed him in his arms without saying a word; but the tears ran down his fat cheeks.

The emotion of the old priest will appear natural when it is known that Siddhartâ was the only son of his sister, and that this nephew brought up by him in the shade of the sanctuary he had made his heir: for he had had no children himself by the wife whom he had married before consecrating himself to the service of the Goddess Kâli.

In India the Brahmans are the sacerdotal caste; but all Brahmans are not priests. Those who are called by circumstances to enter into holy orders must first pass some years in the marriage state. This initiation into social life forms a part of their education. Siddhartâ, consequently, had left the pagoda at the age of fifteen to get married. His uncle had married him to a daughter of one of his friends, and the young couple went to the city to live. A son having been born of this union, they waited until five years had passed; then Siddhartâ said adieu forever to his wife, who from that time forward was compelled to live in widowhood supported by the state. He himself took his departure in the character of a fakir, or begging monk, to make the tour of the holy cities of Hindostan. As for the child, his mother kept him until he had reached the age of ten years, after which she handed him over to the aged Amrah to be brought up in the shade of the sanctuary. Him we have seen under the name of Lalloo, performing the functions of servitor at his grand-uncle's side, while waiting to be initiated in his turn into the mysteries of life.

During seven long years Siddhartâ had traveled through that vast country that extends from the sources of the Indus to Cape Camorin, always with naked feet, sometimes on his hands and knees; for the Good Mother is a hard mistress, requiring her slaves to inflict upon themselves for her pleasure all kinds of tortures. He had passed whole months in the jungle, at times standing day after day on one foot under the burning rays of the sun, taking rest neither

day nor night, at times seated under a fig tree meditating on the vanity of the world and absorbed in his reflections to that extent that he often remained eight days without taking nourishment. At other times he might have been found at the shrine of a pagoda at Benares or Poshkare assiduously devoting himself to the teachings of some priest renowned for wisdom, or practicing the rites of occult worship. He was of a nervous temperament, given to asceticism and mystic reveries, and little by little his love became sublimed through the practice of the sacred duties of his profession, and at the same time his body deadened and hardened through his austerities and freed from all carnal passion, had become the docile instrument of a soul devoured by holiness and craving for spiritual power. Thus prepared to play in his own country the glorious rôle of a representative of the deity, Siddhartā had returned to Odhipoor, his head filled with ambitious dreams, little imagining the disaster that awaited him.

### III.

THE dwelling of the priest of Kāli was situated at the eastern end of the garden, about a stone's throw from the pagoda. It was an edifice of a unique form and very ancient, composed of three square structures standing in a row behind a veranda, and surmounted by little flat domes.

One of these served as sleeping room; another was the kitchen. The third inclosed the Sacred Spring (*tobar naomvtha*), which issued from the ground at the bottom of a circular basin and found exit through an opening in the wall, whence it poured its waters into irrigation trenches. Here it was comparatively cool, and the priest used it as a cellar. Each day the country people brought one or two jars of milk; a box contained the sacks of corn, sorghum, and wheat. A niche hollowed in the wall was filled with earthen pans of clarified butter; bananas hung from a beam in orderly array. And that was all. The priests of Kāli are vowed to frugality.

Every evening after sundown Lalloo would knead a dozen cakes, bake them on a piece of sheet-iron, cover them with melted butter, and present them with great ceremony to his master, who would eat three or four and leave the rest to him; after which they

would drink a couple of quarts of cold milk, swallow a few grains of roasted corn, and go to bed, the priest in his little anchorite's cell, Lalloo on the other side of the pagoda in his bamboo hut, like a watch-dog in his kennel. Ordinarily this was the routine of their existence, and was followed daily with the most perfect regularity.

However, on the day of Siddhartā's arrival there was an infraction of this rule. Lalloo went to bed, but his father and his grand-uncle remained up. They had naturally many things to say to each other, for they had been parted seven long years. Seated on their heels at the opposite ends of a mat stretched on the veranda, with the moonbeams playing about them among the pillars, they smoked from the same pipe alternately, the one speaking whilst the other smoked. There was no one to hear them; apart from Lalloo, who was sleeping with folded hands on the other side of the pagoda, they were alone in the vast inclosure. The profound silence of the night in the midst of their solitary surroundings gave a more distinct murmur to the stream. At intervals a lazy breath of air stirred the feathery crest of the date trees, giving a metallic sound. The bats flew in zigzags through the serene sky.

Siddhartā related the story of his peregrinations briefly, for he was a man of few words. He ended by detailing his plans for the future, and they were truly grand.

"You see, father, I have more than once been made to suffer when comparing the marvels of our cults at Bombay, Poonah, and Benares with the poverty of our endowment. The Good Mother is one of the greatest deities of our country; this pagoda is not worthy of her. That is why I say we must apply ourselves in the first place to obtaining money to construct one according to the plans I have brought with me. But, that's not all. We have here a holy well; what use have we made of it? To serve for ablutions, to irrigate the garden—it is not worth while to have holy water for that. I have seen a well at Ahmedabad not half as good as ours dedicated to Lord Vishnu. It has been surrounded with vast porticoes, and marble basins have been sunk in it, where hundreds of pilgrims can make their ablutions at the same time. The sick come to it to be cured of their maladies, sinners

bathe in it and are purified. That single spring (and it is not even constant) has made the fortune of the city. It adds luster to the name of Vishnu for hundreds of leagues around. Can we say as much for ours? No, can we? Well, father, all this must change. Odhipoor is the capital of a rich and populous kingdom; our Maharajah possesses immense treasures. Demand of him a dozen *lacs*,\* and I undertake to affirm that, rebuilding our sanctuary, it will draw to it a hundred thousand pilgrims annually. We will take assistants; we will have a college for priests and schools for children. We shall finish, perhaps, thanks to the gold that shall fall in heaps into the coffers of the Good Mother, by building hospitals as they have done in Bombay and elsewhere. That will be—that will be the triumph of the sovereignty of our hearts; that will be the glory of Odhipoor!"

The fakir arose. In the glow of his enthusiasm he took a few hurried steps on the sand, embracing with his glance the heavens and the earth, and drawing into his lungs in long-drawn breaths, the breeze of the evening.

Then he returned and seated himself again opposite the old priest, who handed him the pipe in silence. His depressed air struck Siddhartâ.

"What is the matter, father? One would think that my project did not please you. Have you any objections to make?"

"Simply one," answered Amrah, sadly; "but that is a weighty one. The Maharajah will never consent to the pecuniary sacrifice which you wish to impose on him."

"And why, pray; has he ceased during my absence to be the generous prince that he was?"

"During your absence, my son, many things have happened, and more than once I would have given much to have you near me. I fear that it is too late now."

The fakir crossed his arms on his breast.

"I am listening," he said briefly.

The old Brahman talked a long time, glad at last of being able to confide his grievances to a discreet ear. A short time after Siddhartâ's departure, a rich banker, who had some peccadilloes on his conscience, hit upon the idea of building a superb pagoda at his own expense in order to install there-

in a miraculous image of Chrishna. The Rajah had deigned to honor with his presence the inauguration of the edifice, and through the circumstance the popular favor was directed toward it. Was it any wonder? The worship of Chrishna, that effeminate and sensual semi-deity, had more attraction for worldly minds and for women than that of a divinity certainly superior, but austere and exacting as regards morals. The Good Mother had been abandoned and her courts had become a desert. In vain the heart-broken priest had organized processions to revive the popular zeal; the ryots alone had remained faithful to the worship of their fathers. Almost all the citizens had gone over to *Chrishna Tighearna*.

Then Amrah had thought to have erected in a prominent place a pagoda that would rival in splendor that of the banker; he had boldly demanded of the king the concession of the island and the funds necessary to build it. Unfortunately the priest of Chrishna, a stranger, had known how to gain the good graces of the royal house; Amrah's demand had been repulsed. Although beaten in the first encounter, the good man, nevertheless, was not discouraged. He had sought to influence the counsels of the King through the intervention of the queen, who had remained faithful to the ancient worship. But the accused Lakshman had possessed the deftness to present to the King as his mistress a creature of his own, a creature of infernal beauty, malice and cunning; and when the priest of Kâli returned to the charge, they made fun of him.

"For, in short," said he, "was it not a mockery to give me a necklace when I asked for a house? I tell you, my dear child, the Rajah is bewitched; nothing can be done, nothing, unless," added the poor man, hoping still in spite of himself, "unless you who have studied so much can find a way to re-establish our affairs. Let us see; speak. Do you feel in yourself the strength to struggle against this abettor of Chrishna, against this evil-omened Lakshman, whom the Good Mother before now ought to have crushed like a louse?"

"I will think of it," answered Siddhartâ, laconically.

Amrah stooped forward to scrutinize the

\*A lac amounts to \$50,000.

countenance of his companion. Siddhartā's face had the rigidity of marble, but a furrow had hollowed itself between his brows and his eyes darted lightning.

## IV.

THE palace of the Maharajah (Great King) occupies the summit of the hill of Odhipoor and commands the city along its entire wall of sixty feet in height, which supports a terrace bordered by a parapet. Well, one morning on getting out of bed the king beheld on this terrace a spectacle that he did not expect: a man was sitting cross-legged on the parapet, with his face turned toward the royal apartments.

"Hey, hey!" said he; "there is some good fellow taking liberties. *Fan go foil!*" (Wait a little!)

He called a *valet de chambre*, who knew nothing, and ran to get information. No one had seen the unknown enter. He must have stolen upon the terrace at night by eluding the vigilance of the sentinels. His Majesty, Ganderrap IV., fell into a violent rage, had a half-dozen of his guards bastinadoed, and was going to order at least one of them shot, when he recollected very luckily that there was a British resident at Odhipoor, charged among other things with seeing that there shouldn't be any more summary executions in that realm.

In the mean time the major-domo, who had been sent to drive the man away, returned, saying that the man was a fakir.

"A fakir?" the King repeated sharply. "A fakir can't be driven off, it is true; but, you fool, you could beg him politely to go away."

"May your Majesty be merciful to me," answered the major-domo, bowing to the ground; "I did beg him to go away."

"But he is still there, in the same place!"

"Sire, he made no answer."

To the royal recollection a like occurrence had never been heard of before. Ganderrap IV. nearly went into a fit of apoplexy.

In spite of his obesity he passed rapidly through the peristyle, and advanced to the terrace:

"Hey, hey! father," he began in an angry tone.

He stopped, dumb with astonishment. The fakir was a Shivaite, a kind of people with whom it is not healthy to crack jokes.

Besides he did not look at the King, did not seem even to be aware of his presence. Immovable on the parapet, like a statue on its pedestal, he had the fixed and absorbed gaze of a man contemplating some distant object.

"Father," began the King again, with a shade of respect in his voice, "you are not aware, perhaps, that this terrace is private ground. It isn't as though I were offended at finding you here at this hour; and if you have something to ask of me?"

No answer, not a movement, nothing that might indicate that the fakir heard the words of the King. The latter was taken with a sort of terror. He stood there as if petrified, contemplating the man whom he thought he saw for the first time. The fakir had a tall form, broad shoulders and a deep breast. His face, with a low forehead, was severe in profile, with regular features; excessively thin, but of singular purity. His eyes glittered with an angry expression through the disordered clusters of his hair that fell over his countenance. One might have called it the mask of the God of retribution.

After a moment the King turned on his heels and re-entered the palace in a pensive frame of mind. He couldn't make anything of it. Perhaps all this procedure meant only the extravagant freak of a visionary. As a measure of precaution, however, he gave orders that no one should disturb the holy man; then he took up again the routine of his occupations, received his ministers, made believe as usual to transact business with them, went out on horseback to take a bath in the lake, and soon forgot all about the fakir.

But on his return in the evening he was struck as though by an electric shock on perceiving suddenly that the man was still there. He revolved in his brain various thoughts.

"Bah!" said he at last, "he must finish sooner or later by taking himself off."

And he went to bed.

The Maharajah of Odhipoor slept badly that night. When he awoke, the sun, already high in the heavens, bathed the terrace in its fires. Ganderrap IV. ran to the window. The fakir was there, in the same position, bareheaded under the burning sun.

An hour afterward the entire royal house-



hold departed without warning on a grand hunt that lasted until night-fall. Two hundred coolies had beaten the fields, penetrated the bushes, tracked the game, and the Rajah returned home proud of having killed with his own hand a couple of antelopes and three hares.

The fakir had not budged.

Ganderrap IV. rested still worse than the preceding night. He got up two or three times softly to take a look at the terrace. The deepest silence reigned on it, all was asleep under the soft light of the moon, the birds and the flowers; but the fakir was still there, and he assuredly did not sleep.

The King returned and lay down again. Lugubrious thoughts floated through his brain. His past came back to him; he felt in his conscience a vague uneasiness. In what had he been culpable? He could not say; however, he promised himself to release in the morning a poor devil whom he had kept in prison two years for having laughed in his presence. Slightly relieved after this resolution, he decided to go to sleep again. But he could not feel alone; his imagination showed him, through the walls, the fakir, immovable and rigid, brooding over the royal dwelling with his fixed and flaming eyes. And at moments as he listened it seemed to him that the fakir had moved; he heard him coming and sat up suddenly in his bed to be ready to receive him.

Finally his distress became so great that he called a servant and had his couch carried into a room opening toward the west, under the pretext that the rising sun—but, in fact, a king has no need of pretexts.

The third morning came. Ganderrap IV. felt completely broken down. He refused his breakfast and walked furiously through the palace at hap-hazard under the weight of an obsession which began to affect all his surroundings. The fakir was the theme of conversation around him; he ascended into the observatory: a new spectacle awaited him. Everywhere on the terraced roofs of the city were standing groups of curious citizens, pointing their fingers at the fakir. The wretch had chosen his post only too well; he could be seen from every direction as he sat on the parapet of the castle yonder.

By dint of thinking of it the Rajah had

ended by suspecting the design of the fakir. Shiva, whose marks this man bore, was the husband of Kâli; and, as his conscience was not without reproach as regards the Good Mother, he asked himself if he ought not to appeal to the priest of Kâli to have this enigma unriddled. But his pride not allowing him to make up his mind to this, he sent for his new friend and counselor, the priest of Chrishna, and led him to the terrace where no living soul had dared to show himself during three days. Lakshman questioned the fakir, who made no answer; his nostrils only became dilated, and a convulsive tremor took possession of him as if the presence of his adversary annoyed him.

The priest of Chrishna was not a very scrupulous man, yet he did not dare to persist in his interrogatories for fear of creating scandal, and fearing also, perhaps, the anger of the goddess Kâli's partisans. The King, as he led him back, asked his advice:

"Shall I send for Amrah?"

"*Nil go deimh en*" (by no means), "your Majesty. There is a conspiracy here to extort money from you."

"What shall I do with this man, then?"

"Leave him alone; he will finish by getting enough of it."

Another day (the fourth) passed without bringing any change in the fakir; the man must be of bronze. Then the King decided to send for Amrah.

The priest of Kâli did not condescend to answer this appeal in person; the young man, his servitor, made his appearance at the palace instead. Ganderrap IV. knit his brows, but swallowed the humiliation without saying a word. The representative of the divinity took a high tone:

"Sire," said he, "the Good Mother is enraged at your refusal of her legitimate demands. That is why her divine spouse has sent to you one of his servants."

"And what does this servant of Shiva calculate to do?"

"To wait."

"To wait—for what? Until when? And, in short, what does he want?"

"A pagoda," laconically answered the young Brahman, who sustained, without flinching, the angry gaze of the King.

There was silence. Ganderrap IV. twisted nervously in his fingers the fringed extremities of his sash.

"I suppose the Good Mother wants, at the least, five or six *lacs* of rupees?"

"Ten,"\* answered Lalloo.

"Ten! Ten *lacs*! where does the Good Mother expect me to find ten *lacs* for her service?"

For all the answer Lalloo seated himself on the ground and began to finger his rosary, repeating his prayers in a low voice, as if resigned to a long stay.

The King, much astonished, looked at him in silence; such assurance made him smile.

"Come," said he, in a paternal voice, "we will say eight *lacs*. I will give eight *lacs* to the Good Mother, and you shall pray her to grant me her favor."

Lalloo was too absorbed to listen; he made no answer.

"Well," continued the King, a little ashamed of chaffering with the divinity, "I will give a piece of ground to build on, and another piece for a garden. Eight *lacs* and a grant of land is indeed no trifling present."

"Sire," said the young man, interrupting his devotions with an effort, "the earth belongs to God, who can do with it what he pleases."

Then he put himself to counting his beads again.

Ganderrap IV. felt a nervous twitching in his arms; he would have liked to strangle this impudent extortionist. However, he refrained from taking him by the collar; he knew that such an offense would outlaw him at a blow, and, king as he was, his subjects would turn from him as from the veriest pariah. As to having him thrown out doors, that wouldn't work any better. There was not one of his guards who would have dared to touch this individual with his finger. He contented himself with taking a few turns around the hall, sighing several times; then all at once, without looking at his interlocutor:

"Well," said he, bitterly, "I see we shall have to let that pass. Go and tell the lord fakir that his demand is granted."

## V.

SIDDHARTĀ had given the King a month to execute his agreement; that gave him time to breathe. The first days were replete with the happiness he felt of being freed from a terrible nightmare. Ganderrap's sleep and

appetite were restored; he felt himself a new man. Excursions on the water, with fireworks at night, coursing and still-hunting, the dancing of bayadères and gorgeous fêtes succeeded each other in agreeable variety.

When, however, the King made known to his ministers the goddess Kālī's demand, they protested unanimously against such an extortion. They gave various weighty reasons for their view of the case. The Minister of the Exchequer declared that he would rather hand in his resignation.

Ganderrap IV. felt the sudden desire come over him to have him beheaded; in the first impulse of the moment he always forgot Her Britannic Majesty's resident. However, his anger subsided quickly, for, at bottom, he partook of his first minister's repugnance to useless expenditure. But he had given his word, and dreaded to break faith with the tutelary divinity of the kingdom. What was to be done?

It is sometimes permitted to make use of sharp practice when dealing with the immortals; perhaps a way could be found; but what way?

Happily the priest of Chishna was a man of resources. With his advice, the King sent for Siddhartā.

He did not receive him on the terrace; that place was ill-omened: nor in the interior of the palace; who knows what charms the fakir might cast on its walls? The interview took place in the middle of a lawn in front of the western façade of the palace. The King, who did not wish for a private interview, and who besides wanted witnesses, was surrounded by his ministers, among whom, as soon as he arrived, Siddhartā noticed the author of the conspiracy, the abhorred priest of Chishna. And it was even he who spoke in the King's name. The entire company were seated in a semicircle, on carpets, on the right and left of his majesty, who sat enthroned on a velvet divan. Siddhartā and Lakshman remained standing.

"Brother," said this last, after a preamble, "the great King finds the request of the Good Mother legitimate and proper. He is ready to fulfill his promise; but as the question of a considerable sum of money is involved, and as the interests of the state are at stake, it has seemed fitting to him to surround himself with all possible guarantees.

\* \$500,000.

Now if, as we are assured, the divine Shiva takes this affair in hand himself, means will not be lacking to his messenger to cause himself to be recognized as such."

In speaking these words, Lakshman turned to the ministers who murmured their approbation. He continued:

"The King demands a sign, my brother. Are you prepared to give it?"

Siddhartâ cast a look of disdain on the man who had made himself the instrument of a diabolical machination, and bowing before the King,

"Sire," said he, "I shall do in the name of my master and in his service all that is just and reasonable."

"Very well," replied Lakshman, whose eyes sparkled with joy. "What sign, then, shall we demand of the servant of a great and dreadful God? The Lord Shiva, everybody knows, is the sovereign dispenser of life; he it is who destroys and who constructs, who gives death and who revivifies. Priest of Shiva, the sign that His Majesty demands is that you give up your life. What could be more just and reasonable? If the spouse of Kâli is with you, you can die; he will find the means to resuscitate you. Then His Majesty will be glad to execute his promise."

Lakshman with a graceful but ironical gesture stretched out his hand toward the King, who smiled and said:

"I pledge myself thereto by my kingly word!"

There was a moment of agitation in the assembly. They exchanged glances, passing mutual felicitations in a low voice: but soon the attention of all was fixed on Siddhartâ, whom they looked upon as lost. Strange: now when he knew the conditions imposed by his adversaries he seemed relieved. A smile parted his lips. In the midst of a profound silence, he said to the King:

"Sire, you have sworn; my master has heard you. He shall give the sign you exact. I ask eight days to prepare myself for death."

His assurance was marvelous. Had they a charlatan to deal with, or a fool? A kind of dumb astonishment took possession of the lookers-on. Each of them gazed at the man, trying to fathom his meaning. Lakshman was lost in musing.

"Sire," said he, of a sudden, "the servant of Shiva Tighearna is a man of honor, and none among us doubts that he will come forth triumphant from the test that Your Majesty's wisdom has imposed. But in order that no one may suspect a trick, it is fitting that this test be made in public and under rigorous conditions. If Your Majesty permits" (the King made a gesture of assent), "I shall demand that the tomb of the fakir be dug in this very spot, and that he issue from it only at the end of a month."

The eyes of all were instantly fixed on Siddhartâ; and the King asked him:

"My father, the conditions are severe. Is it in your power to accept them? Be careful what you answer. I declare to you that I shall see to the strict execution of the compact. In this very spot I shall have a grave dug where you will have to pass an entire month. The opening shall be sealed with my seal, and sentinels shall be placed around it to guard it. If you hold to life, you are free to forego the trial. If, haply, you accept the challenge, and Shiva gives you power to issue living from the tomb, not only the ten *lacs* that you have demanded shall be at your service, but we will render you all the honors your soul can desire. Speak; what is your decision?"

A feeling of admiration and pity awoke in the breast of the King. It was plain from the tremulous fervor of his voice that he would have liked to save the fakir. He did not keep them waiting for an answer. Turning alternately toward the King and toward the priest of Chrishna, he expressed himself, with emotion, as follows:

"Sire, it is in the power of the divine Shiva, and of his celestial spouse, to bring to naught the malignity of men. In eight days I shall be here; in your presence I shall enter the mysterious avenues of death, and you shall have me laid in the tomb. What need is there for your seal and guards? Have barley planted on my grave; when it shall have ripened, the priest of the Good Mother will come to bring me back to life, in your presence. I have said."

When he finished speaking, Siddhartâ bowed; then he turned on his heels and walked slowly away without looking behind him.

A tremor ran through the assembly, and every individual sprang up with a bound.

They surrounded the priest of Chrishna and questioned him. He shrugged his shoulders:

"To pretend to issue living from the tomb, after three months, is the idea of an impostor or a fool. In the first case, he will leave the country; in the second, he is a dead man. Believe me, whatever happens, we shall hear no more of the demands of the Good Mother."

The King shook his head, and several of his ministers shook theirs after him. Who knows how far-reaching may be the power of Shiva?

## VI.

THE incredible news traveled through the city in a few hours, and caused great excitement. The worshippers of Kāli ran in crowds to the pagoda, bearing presents and asking explanations. Amrah, whom this revival of popularity made twenty years younger, went and came in the sanctuary with a gracious word for each; but if he deigned to accept the presents, on the other hand, he refused all explanation. The fakir was invisible; he was preparing himself in solitude for the great trial. They had to content themselves with offering sacrifices in his favor, and addressing their prayers to the all-powerful deity that she would protect him against the evil spells of the Devil.

The tidings reached the dwelling of Colonel Blake, deputy commissioner of the Queen, at Odhipoor. At first he felt rather embarrassed; he had been directed to respect the religious usages of the people, but to oppose formally any sacrifices of human life, of which the Hindoos were at all times extremely prodigal. Now, Siddhartā was evidently one of those fanatics who would not recoil even before suicide. As for admitting the hypothesis of a resurrection, such an absurdity never entered the Colonel's head. He sent for his physician, Doctor Simpson, and that worthy savant shrugged his shoulders.

"Let them alone," said he; "I believe neither in the death nor resurrection of the fakir. These people understand much better than we the secrets of hypnotism."

The Colonel rejected equally this hypothesis. All the secrets of hypnotism would not bring a man to life again after resting three months in the tomb.

"How do you know?" the doctor replied. "Has it not been proven that even under ordinary conditions men have been able to

support a fast of forty days? It is quite a different thing in the cataleptic state. I saw at Belfast a case of coma where the subject passed two months apparently dead, without swallowing even a drop of beef-tea."

"A case of coma, yes. But here you have a man in full health whom they are going deliberately to put to death, with hasheesh or opium, I suppose."

"Not at all, not at all. He must take his own life. And you may be sure that he has his little receipt, both to kill and resuscitate. There will be neither poison employed nor blood spilt, I promise you. Unless Jesus Christ, no one has passed or will ever pass living from the tomb with a wound six inches deep in his side. In a word, if you wish, I will take the entire responsibility of the affair."

"All right," answered the Colonel. "But I wash my hands of the whole transaction, you know."

On the day agreed upon, toward five o'clock in the evening, the whole city emptied itself into the royal gardens. Ganderap IV., fearing the crowd, had his guards doubled. But the guards were pressed back and overwhelmed. The citizens passed over the walls and through the hedges. The trees were laden down with bronzed and turbaned fruitage. It was impossible to resist the current. They had to be satisfied with keeping free, by means of a cordon of Sepoys, the lawn where the drama was to be enacted.

The entire court was present. The balconies, the roofs on the terrace of the palace, were garnished with fair spectators wrapped in shawls. Colonel Blake, fearing to make himself ridiculous, was not there; but Simpson occupied a seat of honor at the side of the Maharajah. In the center of the lawn a grave had been dug whose inner sides were covered with a coating of stucco a half-inch thick. A frame of masonry formed the top, built around the rim of the grave. The stone slab destined to fit into this frame as a cover for the cavity lay on the ground. An officer of the King's chamber, girded with a blue, gold-tasseled sash, stood ready to seal the tomb with His Majesty's signet.

The rays of the setting sun touching the summits of the date trees shed a glow of blood-red splendor on the walls of the palace. It was the month of October, after the

rains, when the atmosphere possesses an extraordinary transparency, and the lush verdure in all its glory shines as though spread with varnish. The jessamine and orange trees sent forth, in exquisite exhalation, from their millions of flowers abundance of perfume. The paroquets flew hither and thither in hurrying swarms, sparkling in the air like gems. Nature had robed herself in her festal dress to see the fakir die.

A little before six o'clock a movement was seen in the crowd near the gate of entrance. The ranks opened and Siddhartâ appeared accompanied by the priest of Kâli and the young Lalloo. The people cast themselves on their faces along his passage and many enthusiasts pressed their lips to the prints of his feet in the sod. He appeared to see no one; he advanced calm, resolute, all his lineaments breathing serenity and peace, his eyes alone betraying through their glitter the exaltation of his spirit. He made obeisance before the King, and without speaking a word seated himself, cross-legged, on a pall that had been spread near the grave. Profound silence reigned around him. He was seen to draw into his lungs in deep respiration large volumes of air; then he stopped breathing. His gaze was fixed before him. A few minutes passed. Suddenly a trembling seized him, his limbs stiffened, and his gaze became dead and changeless.

Amrah stooped over him. He closed his eyes gently; then he stuffed his nostrils with pledgets of cotton steeped in wax.

"It is done," said he; "the soul of Siddhartâ has taken its flight to Shiva Tighearna."

The doctor approached. "One moment," said he, shortly, seeing that the two priests were about to wrap their companion in the winding-sheet. He raised one of his eyelids and closed it again, felt the pulse, and assured himself that the limbs had taken the rigidity of iron.

The crowd began to murmur; he returned to the Rajah, saying to himself under his breath:

"Just as I thought, a state of catalepsy. But three months! Well, we shall see. It will be interesting, all the same."

When he returned to his place, Amrah and Lalloo drew the cloth over Siddhartâ's head and knotted it firmly. Then, lifting

him like a sack of wheat, they inclosed him in a box which the chamberlain sealed with his signet. At a sign from Amrah, some coolies approached; the box was lowered into the grave, the opening was sealed, the slab covered with earth, and immediately a gardener sowed barley over it, as had been agreed upon.

Then the excitement broke forth. As soon as the Rajah retired to his apartments, the crowd precipitated itself on the lawn; they surrounded the place of sepulture and gave themselves up to delirious cries, exclamations, and invocations to *Shiva Nilechumhashtach* (Omnipotent Shiva). They drew still nearer, falling prostrate and kissing the holy ground. They called on Siddhartâ and improvised then and there religious worship in his honor. Amrah had disappeared, but certain officious persons ran after him, brought him back in triumph and compelled him to consecrate with a libation of oil and with prayer a block of stone torn from an artificial grotto and which they erected at the head of the tomb as an altar. Twenty-four young men volunteered to watch in turn, at the sepulcher, each three hours at a time, until the day of resurrection. And every evening, after the labors of the day were over, artisans, citizens, and husbandmen of the neighborhood assembled there to pass a few moments and to see if the barley had sprouted, adding their prayers to those of their brethren in favor of him who slept under the green covering of the lawn.

The Rajah would have gladly dispensed with the perpetual coming and going through his park; he took care not to witness it. A religious terror took possession of him. Gloomy and preoccupied, he gave himself up to fasting and penance in secret, renouncing his customary recreations. And strange phenomenon, at which he was himself amazed, after having so ardently wished for the eternal disappearance of Siddhartâ with his disagreeable request, he was now desirous of seeing this miracle accomplished, which would cost him at least a million rupees.

Sometimes he descended to the lawn at sunrise and stood contemplating long with dreamy gaze that tiny field of barley whose ears were beginning to turn yellow. Was it possible that under this mantle of verdure a



human being was now reposing who was destined still to play his part on the world's stage? The thought terrified him; and if, peradventure, the breeze of the morning happened to sway the ears, he trembled and fled.

## VII.

ABOUT five o'clock of a morning in January the venerable priest of Kâli issued from his cell, looked at the sky that was growing white with the dawn, and yawningly stretched his limbs. His eyes were red and blinking. It could be seen that he had not slept, and the cause of his sleeplessness was that the great day had arrived.

The sacred pigeons, eager for their morning repast, flitted about him, grazing him with their wings. He scattered the flock with a gesture, repulsed the monkey as he came pressing his snout softly into his master's hand, and directed his steps to the bath-room, where he remained a long time engaged in his ablutions. Then he went and aroused the boy, who could easily have slept from morning to evening without any trouble in the world.

"Lalloo," said he, pushing him with his foot, "can you sleep on a day like this?"

Lalloo arose nimbly and gazed with astonishment on the melancholy face of his patron.

"I am ready; what is the matter, father? Is not this the day of our triumph?"

"Of our triumph? Yes, or of our disaster perhaps, who knows?"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not afraid," interrupted the old man. "I know the Lord is mighty, and your father—"

"My father will triumph!"

"Yes, yes, without doubt. He knew better than anybody what he had to do—only—you see—three months under ground—at least we must scrupulously do our duty. Your father directed us to use water from the spring. Did he give any other directions?"

"We had nothing else to do," answered the young man with importance, "but to take along an amphora of the sacred water and to have a phial of palm-oil to—"

Amrah took his head between his hands.

"True, true; I had forgotten the palm-oil. *Bi truagh agad le dho shean-oglach, a Thigh-*

*earna!*" (Lord, have pity on thy old servant.)

Lalloo brought from the temple a large, narrow-necked vase, which he filled with limpid water, and putting it on his shoulder, said he was ready to start. The old man had already a phial of oil in his hand. And they began their journey without looking behind them.

At the garden gate a pleasant surprise awaited the servants of the pagoda. A chariot to which two oxen were yoked, and covered with a silken canopy, had been sent by the Rajah to convey them over the mile and a half of ground that separated them from the palace. Four officials on horseback were sent to escort them, and the chamberlain was there also pompously stalking behind his heavy mass of chased silver. Several hundreds of the faithful, their arms and necks laden with garlands of flowers, were waiting until the chariot should advance, to follow singing sacred hymns. It was the first-fruits of a triumph. Amrah trembled with joy and terror, his mind divided between the delight of an unprecedented ovation and the fearful doubt that tortured his heart. He seated himself worthily and solemnly on the velvet cushions, with Lalloo on his left, and the procession took its way with measured pace toward the city, a part of whose streets it was necessary to traverse before reaching the palace.

Amrah was astonished to find the streets completely deserted, merely a few old people and children here and there around the wells. This unwonted sight was soon explained to him. When they arrived in the upper portion of the city on the great square where the avenue of date trees begins that runs in front of the park, the chariot was stopped a long time; the entire population of Odhipoor massed in the neighborhood of the palace had blocked the way. A detachment of mounted guards came up at last, and, pushing back the multitude, made an avenue for the priests of Kâli, who entered the precincts of the royal gardens.

The Rajah was at his post surrounded, as three months before, by his ministers, among whom could be distinguished the priest of Chrishna and the English physician, recognizable at a distance by his big felt helmet.

"Lalloo," said the old priest in a low voice, "do you speak in the name of the

Good Mother ; I feel myself too agitated to speak."

The young man nodded assent, and his confident air, together with the manly expression of his face, showed him equal to the task.

"Sire," said he, in vibrating accents (bowing before the King), "Shiva's hour has sounded ; would Your Majesty please to have opened Siddhartâ's tomb ?"

At a sign from the King, two men armed with silver sickles cut down the plot of barley and deposited the sheaf at the foot of the throne.

Ganderrap IV. then spoke, pointing his hand at the golden ears that littered the ground.

"Whatever," said he, "may be the outcome of this ordeal to which the son of Kâli has submitted, our royal will is that no one ever shall eat of that grain. But if the fakir, Siddhartâ, issues living from the sepulcher in which his remains have lain during three months, I pledge myself to give to the Good Mother a pearl for every one of these ears."

"Sire," answered Lalloo, in his silvery voice that sounded like a clarion, "the produce of the field of death belongs to him who has caused it to sprout from the earth's bosom. The Lord Shiva commands that the grain be distributed among his disciples as the assured pledge of rich harvests. But," added he, stooping to gather some ears, "it is fitting that Your Majesty receive the first fruits of this treasure."

He presented the ears to the King, who took them, trembling, and handed them immediately to his chamberlain. Then the work of the grave-diggers began, and the box was brought to the light of day. The seal was intact. The grave-clothes were untied and Siddhartâ appeared before the eyes of all.

He had preserved the same position with his legs doubled up under him ; only his head was bowed, hanging over on one shoulder. His entire body was wrinkled and dried up, and Dr. Simpson ascertained that there was in this sample of mummified mortality neither perceptible pulse nor heart-beat.

However, Amrah had the sacred water boiled on a chafing-dish ; he poured some of it several times on the fakir's naked skull. Then, assisted by his nephew, he

rubbed the body with a napkin, anointed him with oil and withdrew the plugs of cotton from his nostrils. He separated the rigid jaws and sought with his finger carefully for the tongue, the end of which, folded back, rested on the larynx. The tongue was dry and hard. He rubbed it with oil. Then came the turn of the eyeballs, and these he anointed and moved up and down several times.

A half an hour had passed since he began his ministrations, and thus far no signs of the return of life were perceptible. Lakshman dissimulated his joy with difficulty. Amrah began again his ablutions of warm water and frictions. At last the first manifestations of awakening showed themselves. A tremor passed over the stiffened limbs, the nostrils expanded, the pulse returned. Once more he opened the patient's mouth and lubricated his tongue and palate. A sigh issued from the depths of his bosom—a sigh of immense relief, for Siddhartâ opened his eyes.

The sun had just risen in the distance, behind the rosy hills, and mounted into heaven, chasing before it light, fleecy clouds that vanished in the blue. A gust of wind passed along the crests of the date trees, whose long palm branches waved in honor of the fakir's triumph.

In the crowd assembled around the lawn not a human being stirred ; each one held his breath, waiting to see what would happen.

Siddhartâ had the uncertain gaze of a sleeper who awakes after protracted slumber. He seemed to make an effort to collect his ideas. Then his eyes settled on the Rajah's face, and a smile rippled about the corners of his mouth.

"Sire," said he, in a voice that was but a breath, though everybody heard it, "do you believe in me now ?"

Ganderrap IV., for his only answer, threw himself at the fakir's feet and kissed them repeatedly. The charm was broken ; the aged Amrah, who had supported during that critical hour an extraordinary mental strain, began to sob in a loud voice. The ministers quitted their seats, threw themselves on their faces on the ground, and adored the great divinity in the person of his resuscitated servant, while all the people shouted, wept, and uttered exclamations

of joy. The priest of Chrishna withdrew discreetly.

On the evening of the same day the members of the court and high dignitaries of the realm met together at a banquet in the palace. The British commissioner and his physician were present, but the place of honor had been reserved for Siddhartâ. A robe of silk enveloped his emaciated limbs and he was covered with jewels from head to foot like an idol. He looked tired but contented, and received with innate dignity the homage of which he was the object. Toward the conclusion of the repast the King arose and, opening a casket, drew from it a piece of paper adorned with the royal seal, and laid it at the feet of the fakir. He seized it with trembling hand and devoured it with his eyes. It was an order on the treasury for ten *lacs* of rupees. Hesliding quietly between the folds of his girdle, saying, with a smile:

"Believe me, sire, the Good Mother will recompense you."

And that was all.

Before leaving the hall Dr. Simpson found means of having a private conversation with the henceforth all-powerful fakir. After having complimented him warmly on his triumph:

"Tell me," said he, with a sly air, "this is not the first time, is it, that you have passed several weeks in the cataleptic state?"

Siddhartâ did not answer immediately; he looked attentively at the doctor and seemed to reflect.

"It is very possible," said he, finally, "that my Master has ere this caused me to die and resuscitated me. Who knows how many existences I have already passed through, and how many I shall pass through yet before being judged worthy to enter into the Nirvana of God?"

"Oh!" answered the doctor, "I am not speaking of metempsychosis, but of that lethargic sleep into which you had voluntarily plunged yourself. I declare that in the interests of science——"

"Dear doctor," interrupted Siddhartâ, with a candid air, "have you the intention of becoming a disciple of Shiva?"

"No, not exactly; but——"

"Then I have nothing to tell you. There are mysteries to which an adept alone can penetrate."

Simpson could not get any more out of him, and he went away cursing the pedantry that deprived science of so much curious knowledge.

The old pagoda has been torn down, and Amrah does not despair of living long enough to preside at the dedication of the magnificent edifice that is to take its place. The work is being pushed forward actively under the supervision of an English architect. The ten *lacs* of rupees will not be enough, but gifts flow in from all the provinces of the kingdom, and the story goes that Her Britannic Majesty's representative has subscribed a large sum.

## MY FRIEND AND MY BOOKS.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

I BID my friend, the more that friend I love,  
Into my reading-room and by my side,  
Glad, if some happy hours he may abide,  
Nor he nor I take heed how swift they move:  
This is, I wot, true friendship's charm to prove,  
When two kinned hearts, in mutual faith allied,  
Mingle their thoughts and words in one warm tide,  
That flows all doubts and jealousies above!

In fellowship so dear, one fault I own—  
Discourtesy to friends, my guests before:  
And till *he* came, enough for my delight;  
Left now, alas! in disrespectful plight,  
And mute, nor with reproachful look or tone,  
Prone on their face and tossed upon the floor!



CHURCH OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

## PILGRIMS AND SHRINES IN CANADA.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

THE vast and wonderful church whose center is fixed in the Eternal City upon the Seven Hills, but whose circumference embraces the utmost ends of the earth, has no more faithful, fervent, and docile daughter than the Canadian Province of Quebec. From the earliest days of French occupation the cross had gone side by side with the sword (or even preceded it) in the conquest of the country, and Church and State had been so inextricably intermingled that it is little wonder, seeing how comparatively slight are the changes the centuries have wrought, if the *habitant* of our day, like the colonist of Champlain's, scarce recognizes in them two distinct fountains of authority.

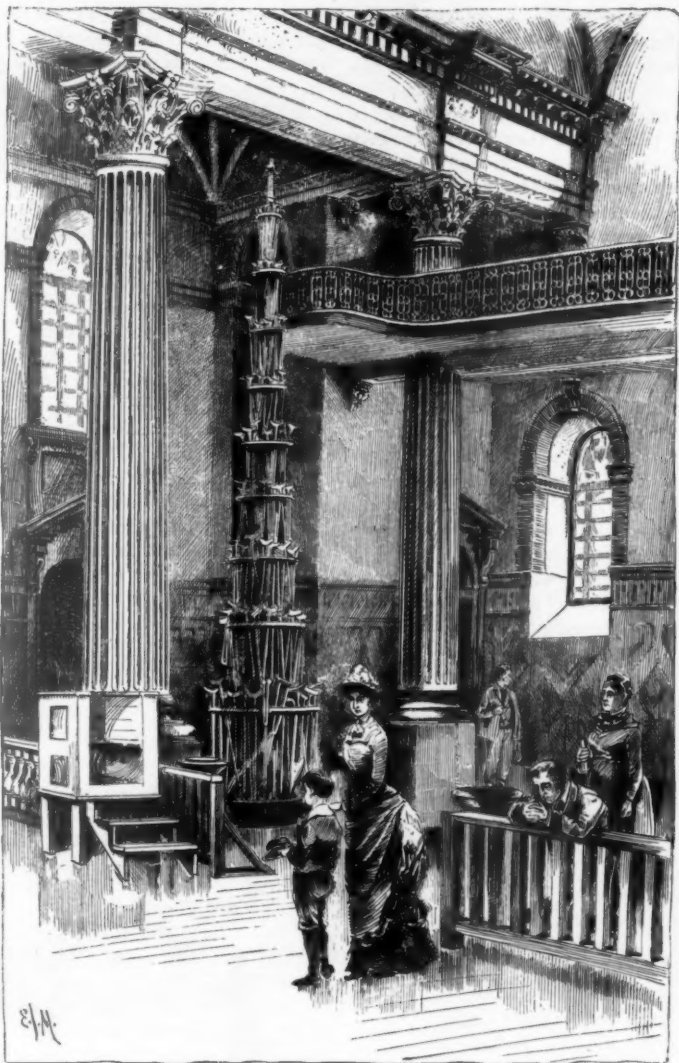
It may be said with truth that it was hardly

so much France as Rome that perpetuated herself in this portion of the New World. "Nerved by disaster, springing with renewed vitality from ashes and corruption, and ranging the earth to reconquer abroad what she had lost at home," to quote Parkman's stately phrase, the Church found in New France unfettered scope for her most ambitious schemes. In her name and under her holy auspices was the work of conquest carried on. All who opposed her were regarded as being inspired by the great adversary of mankind himself, and treated accordingly. The black-robed Jesuit formed a never-absent figure in camp and fort, and priestly vestments went hand in hand with plumed helmets to the dens and fastnesses of aboriginal barbarism.

The transference of New France to the British Crown but slightly diminished the power and influence of the Church. By the Treaty of Paris and the Quebec Act she was left in undisturbed enjoyment of her immense possessions, her special privileges, and her tithes. Since then there has been no check in her career or cloud upon her fortunes: and so universal, deep-seated, and ardent are the feelings borne toward her by the vast

bulk of the inhabitants of Quebec, that were His Holiness to be driven out from the Vatican, Avignon being no longer available, he could hardly hope to find a more favorable place wherein to re-establish his spiritual throne than in this portion of the Canadian Dominion.

The traveler whose happy lot it is to take a summer voyage upon the lower St. Lawrence can not fail to be struck by a feature



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.



that distinguishes the landscape all the way from Montreal, where this glorious river narrows to quite commonplace proportions, to Grand Metis, where it spreads out until the farther bank is lost in azure haze; and that is the many little groups of white-walled, red-roofed cottages gathered so close around a great stone church as to suggest irresistibly the idea of a hen brooding over her callow fledgelings. Looking upon these huge edifices with their massive stone walls, tall tin-tiled towers, and attendant buildings of corresponding importance, and turning from them to the tiny cottages, the narrow strips of farms, well-nigh de-fertilized by persistence in unwise methods, and the evident absence of general prosperity, they seem strangely disproportioned both in size and in cost to the congregation for whose spiritual needs they have been provided. That their cost has been excessive and a cruel tax upon the people there is no doubt; but they are not so much too large for the community they serve as a view from the water would make one think, because in that part of Canada all the rallying points of the population are on the river-bank, and there is a wide swath of country extending inland, the inhabitants of which tend toward the St. Lawrence, whether their goal be the church or the market. So that, big as the church appears, it is not a whit too commodious on the Sundays and Saints' days, when the worshippers gather from far and near.

That a province whose people have always been loyal adherents of a church with whom the intercessory power of the saints is a most precious and important tenet should rejoice in shrines where those saints may have fit homage done them by pious pilgrims seems altogether necessary. Accordingly, we are not surprised to find such shrines imparting an atmosphere of peculiar sanctity to more than one favored locality. Seeing that the patron saint of New France was properly St. Joseph, it is not easy to understand why the honor of a shrine should never have been conferred upon him, but almost exclusively reserved for Saint Anne, whom good Catholics reverence as the Mother of the Holy Virgin. Neither have

I been able to discover any explanation of this somewhat curious fact, not even the erudite Abbé Casgrain throwing any light upon the matter in his interesting *brochure*, to which I am indebted for much assistance in the historical portion of this article. Whatever the reason be, Sainte Anne has been abundantly honored; as, witness the names: Ste. Anne de Restigouche, de Portneuf, des Monts, du Saguenay, de la Pocatière, de la Perade, de Yamachiche, de Saint-Hyacinthe, des Plaines, names that, through their delicious blending of the mellifluous Indian and sharp, clear French tongues, obtain a romantic beauty that makes our ordinary English appellations seem insufferably prosaic.

At many of these places there are shrines or sanctuaries to which pilgrims resort in search of divine assistance; and besides them, there are four others that have long been recognized as enjoying an especial share of saintly favor. These are the shrines of Ste. Anne du Bout-de-l'Isle, du Détroit, de la Beauce, and de Varennes. The first named owed its origin, no doubt, to the hardy voyageurs who every year adventured far toward the West in quest of fur, and who were wont, before attempting the ascent of the dangerous rapids near Montreal, to kneel upon the river-bank and commit themselves to the protection of their patron saint. Then, on their safe return, they would naturally kneel at the same spot, and render thanks to her whose gracious hand, they believed, had brought them safe through the countless dangers of flood and forest.



ORIGINAL CHAPEL.



SUNDAY MORNING.

(The large building is the Souvenir Chapel.)

The shrine at Varennes is distinguished by the possession of a miracle-working picture of Ste. Anne, that attracts great crowds of pilgrims. Varennes has been a place of pious resort since 1692, and a beautiful church stands there, from which every year a solemn and stately procession, bearing the precious picture, sets forth, and, passing up and down the village street, makes glad the hearts of thousands assembled to do it honor.

One other subsidiary place of pilgrimage yet awaits mention; and this time it is not the mother of Mary, but the Holy Virgin herself, who is honored thereby, to wit, at the lovely little hamlet of l'Ange Gardien, just below the Falls of Montmorenci, where there is a consecrated shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes, having a statue of Our Lady, before which a perpetually burning light serves to symbolize her unwearying intercession on behalf of those who put their trust in her.

But, however deeply these shrines may be venerated, and however successful may be the prayers properly presented at them, they pale their ineffectual fires before that of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the oldest and most renowned of them all, known *par excellence* as *la Grande Sainte Anne*, because of the sur-

passing number and brilliance of the miracles that have been wrought thereat, or as *la bonne Sainte Anne*, in token of the high place it holds in the affections of the people.

Ste. Anne de Beaupré is most picturesquely situated on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, a little more than twenty miles below Quebec. In front the mighty river rolls its vast flood onward to the sea, and behind Mont Ste. Anne rises nearly three thousand feet cloudward, its sloping sides checkered with farms and wrinkled with rail-fences; while on either hand a rich agricultural district stretches away into the distance, solid, white-walled cottages, gray, weather-beaten barns, and high, glistening church spires following so close on one another as to betoken a population that must put no small strain upon the resources of the land to make due provision for its needs. The village itself is just the ordinary cluster of habitant cottages, with the addition of a number of *maisons de pension*, whose proprietors find profitable employment in providing for the wants of the pilgrims flocking thither all summer long. It must be confessed that it is in some respects the least attractive in appearance of the long line of villages that brighten the river-bank,

for the multitude of hotels, restaurants, and boarding-houses imparts an unpleasantly prosaic, modern air to the picture; and this effect is deepened by the obtrusively new and garish look of the great church that forms the central point.

It does not seem to be very clear just how Petit Cap, that being the primitive name of the locality, came to be indicated as the spot that Ste. Anne would delight to honor by her special blessing. According to one legend, in the early days of the Canadian

more substantial and more wisely situated edifice of stone.

The other and probably more authentic version is, that in the year 1658 a certain Étienne de Lessart, one of the colonists who had settled at Petit Cap, being moved there to possibly by a suggestion from the saint herself, offered to M. de Queylus, parish priest at Quebec, a fine lot of land with a frontage of two acres, and a depth of a league and a half, on condition that arrangements were made without delay for the erection of



INTERIOR OF MAISON DE PENSION, STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

colony some Breton sailors, being overtaken by a terrible storm whilst ascending the river, made a vow to Ste. Anne that, if she would rescue them from their present peril, they would erect a chapel in her honor on the first spot where they touched land. Scarcely had they made their vow when the wind fell, the waves sank to rest, the heavens shone blue above them, and presently they were safe on shore at Petit Cap. In fulfillment of their promise, they built a little wooden chapel, which, being too close to the river-bank, speedily fell a victim to the floods, and was thereupon replaced by a

a church thereon. The offer and condition were readily accepted, and work begun with the utmost promptness, the first stone being laid by no less important a personage than the Governor General of New France, M. d'Aillebout. The church was dedicated to Sainte Anne, in memory, no doubt, of the famous shrine of Sainte Anne d'Auray, in that beloved land from which the builders had exiled themselves in the hope of making the New World redress the balance of the Old.

So eager was the patron saint to manifest her gracious powers, that she did not even

await the completion of the building erected in her honor. While the foundation was being laid, a dweller in la Côte de Beaupré, named Louis Guimont, for many years a sufferer from a disease in the loins that bent him double, inspired by a religious fervor that enabled him to rise superior to his sufferings, managed to place with his own hands three large stones upon the growing walls; and lo! the third stone had scarcely been adjusted to its own niche, when there passed through the pain-racked toiler a strange feeling of exultation and strength; and standing erect for the first time in many years he shouted aloud in wonder and joy at the miracle that had been wrought. The report of this marvel quickly spread. All the little world of that primitive community fell to talking about it, and among those to whom it brought a mighty hope was Marie-Esther Ramage, the wife of Élie Godin. She, poor soul, had been bowed down for a long time under an affliction that compelled her to drag herself painfully along by dint of crutches, and seemed beyond the power of human aid to alleviate. Hearing from her husband of how Louis Guimont had been blessed, she determined to seek relief from the same source. Forthwith she repaired to the holy spot and invoked Ste. Anne's intercession on her behalf. Her prayer was granted. Her infirmities departed from her, and she went back to her home rejoicing.

These miracles were followed by many others, not less remarkable, whose reputation, spreading abroad, ere long made the little stone chapel the most celebrated place of pilgrimage in Canada. That strange compound of mysticism and practical piety, Marie de l'Incarnation, writing to her son in September, 1665, speaks thus of the prodigies which had been accomplished at this new shrine: "About seven leagues from here (Quebec) is a village called Petit Cap, where there is a church dedicated to Ste. Anne, in which our Lord has been pleased to do great marvels for the sake of that holy saint, the mother of the thrice-holy Virgin. There the paralytics may be seen to walk, the blind to receive their sight, and the sick of every sort to be made well again."

Twelve years after the erection of the church it became the treasury of one of the most precious relics the Catholic Church in Canada possesses; namely, a part of the

bone of one finger of, Sainte Anne herself. Sent in 1668 to Bishop Laval by the Chapter at Carcassone, it was confided to the care of Henri Nouvel, one of the Jesuit missionaries in New France, and first solemnly exhibited to the adoring congregation in the Chapel of Ste. Anne de Beaupré on the 12th March, 1670. The history of this inestimable treasure is thus told by Abbé Casgrain:

"During the reign of Marcus Aurelius the infidels invaded the Holy Land and destroyed all the monuments, public or private, together with the coffins they entombed. One coffin, however, escaped this sacrilegious treatment. The infidel iconoclasts could neither break it open nor harm it; and in their rage they cast it into the sea. But, strange to say, although of a prodigious weight, the coffin, instead of sinking to the bottom, floated lightly upon the waves until it found a resting-place in the sands near the town of Apt, in Provence. Here it lay hidden for a long time. One day some fishermen from the town caught in their net a fish so large that they had to disembark in order to drag it to land. When they had, after tremendous efforts, got the monster on shore, he took to leaping and throwing himself about with such energy and purpose as to dig a deep hole in the beach, and thereby bring to light the buried coffin. Forthwith the people gathered and sought to open it, but again it defied all efforts, and accordingly was, by the bishop's direction, deposited in a crypt which was then walled up, a burning lamp having first been placed inside.

"The centuries slipped away uneventfully until Charlemagne came to Apt as conqueror of Provence. He took up his quarters with the Baron Cazeneuve, who had a son deaf and dumb from his birth. Charlemagne, no less renowned for his Christian faith than for his martial prowess, ordered a purification of the church, which had, through the neglect of the people, become the abode of the owls and the bats. On the day appointed, all Provence assembled for the ceremony. In the very midst of the solemnities the deaf-mute, forcing his way through the throng, indicated to Charlemagne, by eager gesticulations, that he should cause a certain ancient wall to be torn down. Charlemagne not only gave orders accordingly, but with his kingly

hands assisted in the work. The long-forgotten crypt was opened, and there, still burning brightly, stood the lamp lit many centuries before. The first to enter the crypt was young Cazeneuve, and scarcely had he set foot within it, when he cried with a loud voice that filled the whole neighborhood: 'In this sacred place reposes the body of the thrice-glorious Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary.' The king, accompanied by the archbishop, then went down into the crypt, and after having made obeisance, opened the coffin without any difficulty, finding therein a perfect body with this inscription: 'This is the body of Sainte Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary.'

Besides the precious relic, whose wonderful history has just been outlined, the church at Ste. Anne has been enriched by a costly chasuble from Queen Anne of Austria, who worked upon it with her own royal hands, by a splendid silver crucifix from one of the viceroys of New France, and more recently by a fragment of the true cross upon which the Saviour of mankind fulfilled his work, and a bit of stone from the foundation of the house in which Sainte Anne lived during the days of her earthly sojourning.

The present church is the third (or if the legend of the grateful sailors erecting a little wooden chapel be accepted, the fourth) that has stood at Ste. Anne. The first stone structure was thoughtlessly placed so near the river's edge that at very high tides it was frequently flooded, and much damage thereby occasioned. Accordingly, in 1676, M. Filion, then curé at Ste. Anne, began the construction of another building on a more advantageous site and imposing scale, which continued to be the resort of pilgrims for nearly two centuries, when it, too, fell a prey to the tooth of time and the relentless severity of Canadian winters. The walls began to show such ominous signs of cracking, and the roof of falling in, that a new church was deemed absolutely necessary. As one looks upon the present edifice, so uncompromisingly modern, and, in fact, garish in both its outward and inward appearance, one can not help regretting that some means were not found of preserving the quaint old structure that had been hallowed with the prayers and praises of many generations of worshippers. Antiquities having a direct relation with ourselves are

all too few on this Western Continent; and even two centuries suffice to impart a flavor of age which is very grateful to those who are wearied with the universal newness of things. By such, indeed, a slight *souçon* of comfort may be obtained at Ste. Anne from a tiny chapel standing a little to the left of the big barn-like church, and wearing a look of age in spite of its modern architecture, that is somewhat puzzling, until we are informed that it was built out of the ruins of the ancient sanctuary.

I have already shown that the fame of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, although it may be said to have obtained its full proportions only within recent days, was well established from the earliest period of its history. Not content with seeking to inspire in their own countrymen that devotion to the patron saint they felt to be her due, the missionaries of those proselytizing times were equally anxious that their dusky converts should possess like precious faith, and they spread abroad her praises with such good effect that year after year the Christianized Indians flocked in increasing numbers to worship at her shrine.

Could we but call up to our view one of the fête-days of the long ago, we might see two long lines of bark canoes, the one ascending, the other descending, the river, converging toward *la bonne Ste. Anne*, their erstwhile savage occupants chanting holy songs as they plied their vigorous paddles. From the leafy wilderness of the West, from sea-girt Gaspésie and the farthest capes of the St. Lawrence Gulf, from the barren shores of Hudson's Bay and the fertile borders of the Great Lakes, the red men came, drawn thither by the wonders they had heard, until oftentimes they even outnumbered their pale-face brethren.

The gatherings that assemble at Ste. Anne to-day are of a far different character. The poetry and picturesqueness of buckler and breast-plate, feathered head-gear and painted face are gone. The people with few exceptions look as modern as ourselves; and though we may not perhaps be very clear in our understanding of their French patois, it constitutes about the only marked distinction between us and them. The pilgrimage season opens with the fête-day of the patron saint, which falls on the 26th of July, and continues all summer long. There are two



ways of reaching Ste. Anne from Quebec. You may go either by boat or by carriage. Each route can boast of attractions in which the other does not share. Going by land, you pass through the oldest and fairest portion of the Province of Quebec, the far-famed Côte de Beaupré, concerning which Abbé Ferland avers: "If you have never visited the Côte de Beaupré, you know neither Canada nor the Canadians." "All that is lovely in landscape is to be found there," says J. G. A. Creighton, in "Picturesque Canada." "The broad sweep of the great river of Canada between the ramparts of Cape Diamond and the forest-crowned crest of Cape Tourmente is fringed with rich meadows rising in terraces of verdure, slope after slope, to the foot of the somber hills that wall in the vast amphitheater. In the foreground the north channel, hemmed in by the bold cliffs of the Island of Orleans, sparkles in the sun. Far away across the Traverse, as you look between the tonsured head of Petit Cap and the point of Orleans, a cluster of low islands breaks the broad expanse of the main stream, the brilliant blue of which melts on the distant horizon into the hardly purer azure of the sky.

"Quaint batteaux with swelling canvas make their slow way along, or, lying high on the flats, await their cargo. Stately ships glide down with the favoring tide. The marshes are studded with hay-makers gathering in the abundant yield, or are dotted with cattle. Inland, stiff poplars and bushy elms trace out the long brown ribbons of the roads. Here and there the white cottages group closer together, and the spire of the overshadowing church, topping the trees, marks the center of a parish. Rich pastures, waving grain, orchards, and maple groves lead the eye back among their softly blending tints to the dark masses of purple and green with which the forests clothe the mountains. Huge rifts, in which sunlight and shadow work rare effects, reveal where imprisoned streams burst their way through the Laurentian rocks in a succession of magnificent cascades. As the sun gets low, one perchance catches the flash reflected from some of the lovely lakes that lie among the hills."

In going down by stream you, of course, miss much of this beauty from the lowness of your point of vision; but you have recom-

pense in the refreshing coolness and comfort of the voyage, and in the magnificent view of the Montmorenci Falls as the vast volume of water hurls itself headlong over the lofty cliff which forms the river-bank, in its mad haste to join its forces with the mighty current sweeping by. The distance is but twenty-one miles either way, and three hours at most suffice for its accomplishment. Indeed, to the majority of pilgrims their visit to Ste. Anne falls within the compass of a single day. They leave Quebec by boat in the early morning, reach the village in time for breakfast, go first to confession, then to mass, and then to the communion, pay due reverence to the shrine and its sacred surroundings, and return in the afternoon, having first had dinner in one of the numerous inns, where an excellent meal can always be obtained at most reasonable charges.

It is estimated that no less than one hundred thousand pilgrims seek the gracious offices of Sainte Anne every year. From north, south, east, and west, from all parts of the United States, as well as from the Canadian Provinces, the halt, maimed, blind, and dumb, ay, and those whose troubles lie deeper than the mere miseries of the flesh, gather in pathetic crowds, at the sight of which one is strangely stirred, not only with natural sympathy for their sufferings, but because of the suggestion of those days when "they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases, and torments."

Throughout the long day the church is crowded with relays of worshipers, the most of whom are there in a spirit of unquestioning faith and trustful expectation, although the ubiquitous tourist who has come to see, if not to scoff, may often be observed gazing about him with a half-puzzled, half-pitying air. For such there are many interesting objects in the church besides the devout congregation. Over the chief altar is a famous painting by Lebrun, representing two pilgrims, one of either sex, kneeling in supplication at Ste. Anne's feet. Above the side-doors hang much less artistic *ex voto* representations of marvelous escapes from "perils by waters;" at the side-altars are other paintings by the Franciscan monk Lefrançois, who laid down his brush so far back as 1685. But towering high above all the rest, and commanding attention not only

by their imposing appearance but by their deep suggestiveness, stand two pyramids of sticks and crutches, rising tier above tier, and containing hundreds of proofs that Ste. Anne's intercession had availed for the happy ones who, by visiting her shrine, were enabled to cast aside these artificial and unnatural aids to locomotion.

It is not my purpose to enter into any discussion as to the credibility of miracles, whether wrought at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, or by one of the innumerable host of faith-healers that nowadays would fain persuade us to throw physic and physicians to the dogs. Neither do I feel called upon to express my own opinion in the premises. I have sought to tell the story of Ste. Anne with such fullness and accuracy as might be attainable, and, having cited some of the most noted wonders that are claimed to have been done there, I would leave the whole matter to my readers, inviting them to form their own conclusions thereupon.

In 1662, as Abbé Casgrain tells us, a young man named Nicholas Drouin, from the parish of Chateau Richer, who was tormented with a very grievous form of epilepsy, obtained complete and permanent relief, as the result of a *neuvaine*, or nine days' mass, at Ste. Anne. Two years later, one Marguerite Bird, whose leg had been badly broken, on being carried to the sacred spot, was there made whole and strong again. Élie Godin, brought almost to the grave with an incurable dropsy, while receiving the eucharist felt his sickness depart from him, and sprang up shouting, "I am healed." To Jean Adam was the precious privilege of sight restored after many years' darkness. In 1841 Dame Geneviève Boudrault, having long endured the horrors of epilepsy and convulsions, had herself borne to the shrine, and there, whilst praying before the main altar, the ineffable sensation of returning health stole sweetly upon her, and she went forth praising God for her deliverance.

About two years ago, a lad of sixteen, named Fiset, from Springfield, Massachusetts, came to Ste. Anne. For seven years his whole body had been covered with horrible sores, which defied all efforts to heal them. Moreover, his right leg was so dis-

torted that he could not move without crutches. Kneeling before the altar, he was permitted not only to kiss the saint's relic, but to press it to his breast. Instantly an extraordinarily delicious tremor thrilled through his frame. A kind of ecstasy seized upon him, and in that supreme moment his sores began to heal, his crooked limb straightened out, and he went away with joyful steps, leaving his crutches at the altar. A month later a young girl from Glen's Falls, New York, received her sight whilst standing, in rapt adoration, before the statue of Ste. Anne, whither she had been led by sympathizing friends.

The following incident I have upon the testimony of one of the most intelligent and well-informed French Canadians I have ever met, who witnessed it with his own eyes, and related it to me. Three years ago a well-to-do farmer, living about ten miles above Quebec, who had been dumb, but not deaf, from his birth, determined to try if Ste. Anne would vouchsafe him relief. Accordingly, bare-footed, bare-headed, coatless, and fasting, he walked the entire distance to her shrine. Fainting, but full of faith, he wrote out his confession upon the slate he always carried, attended mass, received the communion, and then lay down to rest. Next morning he was one of the first at the communion service. The church was crowded with reverent worshipers. Suddenly the service was broken in upon by a strange, half-articulate shout that startled every one. All eyes were turned toward the spot whence it came, and there, with countenance whose exultant brightness transcended all expression, stood the mute, a mute no longer, giving vent to his emotions in joyful ejaculations that filled the edifice. Thenceforward he spoke freely, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said to my informant:

"Ah, sir, won't my boys be glad to hear my voice!"

With these and a hundred like marvels to kindle and sustain their faith, one can readily conceive with what sincerity the myriad pilgrims, scorning the logic of unimpressible rationalism, chant their canticles in honor of their patron saint.

## THE HARD MONEY.

BY KATHARINE B. FOOT.

IT was an evening in late September in a cottage by the sea-shore. The wind howled in weird and sudden blasts about the house and round the windows. The rain came in slaps and dashes against the panes, and over all other sounds came the regular boom and roar of the surf on the beach below the bluff.

It was a cold storm, too, and the family and their visitors were glad to sit round the bright wood fire, which sent glancing gleams into all corners, and seemed playing hide and seek in the shadows. They had a pile of splinters from an oil-soaked log from an old whaler, and the children amused themselves by throwing on one bit at a time into the hottest of the flames, watching with delight the beautiful colors that flashed into the flames, green and red, and the most exquisite violet shades. One of the men said presently, after long staring at the fire in silence:

"I never sit in such real home comfort as this without thinking of the dreadful days and nights when I was a prisoner at the South. It seems so strange to me to know that I am alive when I think of it all."

"Ah! tell us about it," said all at once two or three of the younger ones.

"I can't," he said, shaking his head. "It was too dreadful. You tell them your experience, Will," he said, turning to his brother.

"Not I, for I feel as you do. But, children, get Aunt Velma to tell you the story of her hard money. You have never told it to them, have you, Velma?" he queried, turning to a pretty woman near him.

"No," she replied, "I never did, and it's strange, too: and yet it isn't so strange, either," she said, in a musing tone; "for all I suffered was so real to me that for years I couldn't speak of it, and then, too, until this rage for war memories came up, no one wanted to hear it."

"Well, tell it now, Aunt Velma," they all begged.

She leaned her elbow on the arm of her chair, and with her hand partially over her forehead and eyes, looked into the fire and began her story:

"I was a girl of seventeen in the fall of 1860. So far as I know, I had just two relatives older than I in all the world, an aunt with whom I lived in a town in the Berkshire hills, and an uncle who lived with his three little motherless children near Columbia, South Carolina. I was very fond of both my Aunt Lucy and my Uncle Robert, and I and the care of my money had been left to them when my father—who was their brother—died. My mother had been dead two years then.

"Uncle Robert married a Southern girl when he was about forty years old; he had long been practicing medicine in Columbia, and he settled down in the home, which was his wife's property, just outside the city. When his wife died in 1859, he begged Aunt Lucy and me to go to live with him, as his wife had left no female relatives that could go to him and keep house and look after the children. But Aunt Lucy wouldn't go. She loved her own home too well, and she had a great many violent prejudices against the Southern people and their ways. She said she saw trouble brewing, and preferred to stay where she was. During that last year of her life she talked to me a great deal about the slavery question, and explained to me much about the great questions of the day that I should have known nothing of, if it hadn't been for her.

"In the fall of 1860 she died and I was left all alone in the big old house that seemed sad and dreary enough. Uncle Robert came on and advised me to let the house for a year, and go home with him; and I was glad enough to do as he wanted me to. My money had been left in trust to him and Aunt Lucy and to a lawyer in Boston, but the lawyer had all the care of my affairs, and Uncle Robert hardly appeared at all.

"Mr. Denny came to see me before I left, and he laughed very much when I told him I wanted five hundred dollars in twenty-dollar gold pieces to take with me, and when I told him I was going to wear it always in a belt round my waist, he laughed still more, and told me I was a goose, and that I'd better have bank-bills, and that it would

be dreadfully heavy and a care to me, and he used a great many other arguments ; but I would have my own way.

"I had made of leather a most remarkable belt, which buckled and which had twelve little bags hanging to it, and each bag held one or more gold pieces. It was rather heavy when I first put it on, but I soon got used to it and forgot it, except when I took it off or put it on, and I always wore it all day and kept it under my pillow at night.

"To this day I have never been able to decide why I was so determined to have that money in gold ; for I had always had all the money I needed, and I had never had any bills that wouldn't pass. So it must have been a prophetic inspiration.

"Of our journey down to Uncle Robert's I needn't tell you anything. All was very new and strange to me, as I had never been south of New York before. I felt as if I had been suddenly set down in another world when we got to Columbia, for the weather was bright and warm, and flowers were in bloom. Only a few days before I had left our Berkshire garden where everything had long been withered, and cold dreary November weather had come to us.

"Uncle Robert was a practicing physician. He lived in a fine old house a little way out of the city, perhaps a mile and a half, and drove in every morning to his office in town and out every night. The house, as I have said, was an old one, very large and rambling and a good one in its way, a real Southern homestead of the best class. Great galleries ran round three sides, and it seemed to me that doors opened outdoors everywhere. There was a small farm, pasture, and garden. The grounds sloped down to the river, and the quarters were near it and some distance from the house. The cotton plantation that belonged to the property was some miles further up country, and there the most of the slaves lived ; so at Lawnview we had only house servants and a few farm hands. There were some horses and a few cows, and plenty of pigs and chickens and ducks. The house itself stood quite near the main road.

"I tell you all this that you may have in your mind a picture of the place and of all that happened there.

"Before I got to Columbia, Uncle Robert gave me a most solemn and emphatic warning to be very careful of what I said about

politics ; in fact, he told me never to mention them at all, and explained to me that he feared trouble, and that he, as a Northern man, was looked upon with some suspicion, and that, as all his property was there, he could not be too careful.

"Well ! the war came, almost like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, even to people in South Carolina, where every one was supposed to be eager for it. I shall never forget Uncle Robert's face when he came home and told me that Sumter had been fired on. He sat so quietly in his chair, and looked so sad and solemn when he said :

"'Yes ; it's been fired on, and I must stay here and see it out.'

"At first we talked a little together about my going North ; but the only home I could have gone to was the old house in Berkshire, and that was let, as I said before, and even if it hadn't been, I couldn't have lived there all alone ; for Uncle Robert wouldn't have sent his children, and so time passed while I was undecided, and I didn't go. But the time soon came when I couldn't go at all, or only with great difficulty, and I was needed where I was. So I stayed.

"Uncle Robert was really at heart a Union man, but he was placed in the same position in which many other men of Northern birth who were settled in the South found themselves. He loved his friends and his family ; his property and all his interests were there and couldn't be moved. What could he do but stand by them ?

"At first I was an object of suspicion to my neighbors, and what I bore from the women about me no tongue can ever tell. But for Uncle Robert's sake I held my tongue ; that is, partially for his sake, and for the rest because I was of a peaceable disposition. I saw no use in a war of words, and soon my neighbors looked upon me as one of their own people.

"Then, too, many of these women didn't know what they were talking about. They were, it is true, educated in their way, but were quite unfamiliar with the great questions of the day. They read no newspapers except their own little provincial sheet, and hardly that, and the result was—well, just what might have been expected—a lot of women who in daily speech breathed fire and smoke ; who would, had they found the chance, have made faces at Union soldiers ;

who would have walked a mile around rather than pass under a Union flag; and who said they would shoot a wounded man on the battle-field. But when the time came, they were far different; they worked night and day to care for wounded men on either side. Sometimes they sheltered prisoners. They bore with bravery and courage the downfall of their homes and the death of their friends, and acted out their real characters, impetuous, warm-hearted, and partisan to the last degree.

"At first the war didn't make much difference, except that our young men all went away, and then Uncle Robert had to go. He came home one day and called me into a room alone, and he shut all the windows and doors. I shall never forget his face.

" 'Velma,' he said, 'there is no help for it. I have only a minute to tell you. They threatened me to-day if I didn't enlist, and I've enlisted.'

" 'Uncle Robert!' was all I could say.

"He held up his hand.

" 'I had to; don't cry out. I have been made an officer, but they will be glad to make me only a surgeon before long. I shall be a blundering soldier.' Only one word more. Don't trust the darkies, except Patty and Joe. Do the best you can, and whatever comes, stay here; remember that. I'll come home when I can.'

"He was gone in fifteen minutes. We didn't see him again for months, and then he came home for a week, so brown, so thin, so changed, and so glad to see us all.

"The next time he was gone nearly a year, and he looked worse than before when he came—ragged and dirty. Uncle Robert, whose clothes had always been spotless!

"He said very little about his experience, except once, when he had been sitting a long time looking straight before him at nothing at all. Then he said suddenly:

" 'In our last battle we drove the Federals out of their camps early one morning, and they had to leave everything, and I went into an officer's tent. To get in I had to step across a body. I looked, and saw that it was Fred Mitchell. He was my chum at home in Hilltops. We used to be in every scrape together. I saw him when I went up for you, Velma, and we laughed over one Fourth of July then. And to meet him so!'

"He sat still a long time, and then he said:

" 'It is dreadful, dreadful!'

"Before he came again we began to be very much pinched for almost everything. A few blockade runners did get through, but almost all they brought was gobbled up in the sea-ports, and we had little chance. Everything was sold at enormous prices, and money was almost impossible to get, even for people who supposed they had plenty. It was then that I first began to use my hard money.

"Up to 1864 none of our hands had run away, but then two or three field hands were missing one morning, and after that one by one they disappeared. Parts of the Confederate Army had been several times near us, and our cattle and horses had all been taken, except one poor horse that was old and lame and of no use to them, and so they left him.

"After a while only four servants were left on the place—Joe and Patty, who were old, and Ned and Jane, who were young. Patty had been the nurse of Uncle Robert's wife, and she had always taken care of the three children, Angie, who was ten, Elinor, who was eight, and a boy of five, whom we called Bob. Joe was a sort of gardener, Jane was a housemaid, and Ned had been the coachman when we had horses, and when they went he was of no use at all; for he didn't know how to do any other work, and wouldn't try to. One cook had disappeared, and so Patty and I tried to do her work, and it was hard enough. I was always afraid of Ned and Jane. They were very light mulattoes, and old Patty expressed my feelings exactly one day when a large piece of bacon disappeared most mysteriously, and no one knew anything about it:

" 'Dose pale niggers is no 'count, Miss Velma, dey's nex do' to po' white trash.'

"Well, I began to spend my money; one day I took out a gold piece, and I got ready to go into town. It was in the spring of '64, and we needed everything—shoes, clothes, food, and medicine, particularly quinine, which was fearfully expensive and very hard to get. But there was a great deal of malarial fever among us that dreadful year, and quinine was the only thing for it.

"Ned drove me into town, if such a halting progress as we made can be called driving, and I took Angie and Elinor. I went first



to a drug-store, and when I offered my gold piece to pay for it, the man, who had once studied with Uncle Robert, took it quickly and hid it in the palm of his hand. He then leaned over the counter and whispered :

" 'Miss Velma, if you've any hard money, you must be careful. I believe any of the niggers would murder you for it.' "

"I shall never forget how I felt. A cold shiver shook me from head to foot, and I gave a quick glance around. I saw what turned me cold: Ned's face looking in at the door, and with such a look on it! He had seen my money. Mr. Simpson—that was the clerk—saw him too, and he said out loud :

" 'Miss Velma, this old medal of the doctor's isn't good for money; I can't pass it. Haven't you got any bills?' "

" 'Oh, yes,' I said, stammering and opening my purse; but I had nothing there.

" 'Give me that piece of paper quick,' he whispered, and I handed him a memorandum.

" 'Ah! yes, the doctor's check,' he said aloud; 'certainly, Miss Velma;' and he went to his safe and counted out a handful of bills, which he brought to me.

"A quick glance showed us Ned still lounging in the doorway.

" 'Is the medal really worth nothing?' I asked.

" 'Well, about a Yankee dollar; no more,' he said.

"I appeared to think a minute. Indeed, I really was thinking very hard what to say. I wanted to put Ned off the track, to give him the idea that I had no money, and I didn't see my way out at all. The clerk helped me out unexpectedly.

" 'I'll give you a dollar for the medal, Miss Velma, if you choose,' he said, looking down at his hand; 'or if the doctor values it, you had better take it back.'

"I had a happy thought :

" 'Wouldn't you put it in your safe, please?—and I'll bring you the others to-morrow. Uncle Robert does value those old medals, and I am sure they are worth a good deal up North, and the next stragglers may take them.'

" 'With pleasure, Miss Velma,' he said; 'it's a very safe precaution.'

"I had luckily remembered an old case of medals in one of Uncle Robert's drawers in

his desk, and only hoped and prayed that Ned might be deceived into supposing that I had been trying to spend one of those. But he was a 'cute danky, and I didn't feel at all easy about it.

"I should have been afraid to go back with him if I hadn't had the children, and the road so well traveled a one. As soon as we got back, I flew into the house and into Uncle Robert's study and found the case of medals; and I took one out and hid it, and then I put the case under the lid of his desk, and purposely left my key hanging in the lock when I went to bed. It was not unusual for me to do that, for I never could remember that I must turn a key on all things portable, if I wanted to keep them.

"That evening we had an unexpected arrival. After tea I was sitting out on the gallery with the children, when about the most forlorn old carriage I ever saw, drawn by a worn-out old mule, stopped at our gate. A very small colored boy, barefooted and in a very ragged suit of clothes, and a scarecrow of a palmetto hat, tumbled off the front seat, and holding tight on to his reins, as if he anticipated immediate flight on the part of his racer, tugged at the carriage door, out of which looked a little pale face that I didn't know. At first glance I wasn't sure whether the face belonged to an old child or to an old woman, but I soon found out.

" 'Are you Miss Velma Harrison!' a feeble, highly-pitched voice inquired, and before I could answer, added, 'Is this Dr. Robert Harrison's house, that married my niece, Angie Lewis?'

" 'Yes,' I said. 'Are you Angie's aunt?'

" 'Yes, I am; her aunt from Savannah, and our relatives there thought I'd better come up here where the Yankees couldn't come. I knew I was free of Angie's house, and Dr. Robert sent a letter to you.'

"By this time she had with my help disinterred herself from the carriage, and the children and I and old Joe, who just then appeared, got her and her various belongings into the house.

"I can give you no idea of the state of my feelings when I found that old Miss Rhett had come to stay. She was a feeble little creature, about sixty years old and helpless; as nearly as I knew, penniless; and as I knew her afterward to be, suspicious and



ANGIE'S AUNT.

jealous, and as rabid a hater of the North as I ever saw in the shape of a woman.

"Even then I felt appalled. I already had three children to care for, but they were tolerably obedient, and I saw this old lady was going to be more than I could manage. I was afraid of Ned and Jane,—and Joe and Patty, although kind, and good, and faithful, were old and scarcely to be leaned upon. It was upon me that the care of all had to come.

"I made old Miss Rhett as comfortable as I could, as Uncle Robert's note asked me to do. I could see by its whole tone that he had been compelled to put this added trial upon me, and he gave me all the warning he could when he said:

"Miss Rhett is a Southern woman, every inch of her. You are loyal to the good cause, and will help her all you can."

"He didn't say what cause, and she never dreamed what he meant.

"When we went to bed that night, the old lady was in a great state of mind when she found that we had no servant in the house, either man or woman. Patty had once slept in the house, but old Joe had various ailments, and she had begged a long time before to sleep in her own cabin to look after him, and I felt much safer with Ned and Jane out of the house than in it.

"But Miss Rhett would have her own little darky sleep somewhere in the house. So I gave him some old rugs, and he curled up in a corner in the hall, and was fast asleep in two minutes.

"In the excitement of the arrival I had really forgotten my keys, and I went to bed and went sound to sleep. Two of the children slept in a room just off mine, and one of them in my room. In the very dead of the night we were all waked up by a succession of the most ear-splitting yells from down-

stairs. I jumped out of bed and ran for a light, upset all the matches in my hurry, and couldn't find one on the floor for what seemed ten minutes. It was about ten seconds I suppose, and by the time I had lighted the match and found the candle and lighted that, all the children were screaming, and old Miss Rhett with the funniest nightcap on—I saw even then how funny it all was, a great bobbing ruffle over her thin little face—was shrieking:

"Oh! what is it! Is it Yankees? Is it thieves? Oh, I wish I hadn't come."

"The yells had stopped, and I heard only a piteous, frightened moaning.

"With all the children hanging on to me and Miss Rhett following behind, I finally got to the head of the stairs. I held my light out at arm's length, and tried to peer down into the darkness. Presently I saw a pair of rolling eyeballs, and then after a second, two feet kicking in the air.

"Oh, Missy! oh, Missy! I'se witched! I'se witched!" came in a feeble, husky voice.

"I shook myself free of the children and ran down-stairs. Such a comical sight I never saw before nor since. There lay Nim, the little darky, only his head and feet visible, the rest of him huddled in a heap under the rags, his wool full of flour and dabs of it all over his face, and his rolling eyes and expression of abject terror—it was irresistibly funny.

"What on earth is the matter, Nim?" I said. "What do you mean by yelling so?"

"Oh, Missy," he moaned, "I dunno. I was a sleepin', an' the fust t'ing I know, I yeard a big noise, an' I hollered, an' den whoop! In my mouf de witches frow dus'. An' he voice say, 'You'se witched, you is,' an' den I hollers agin'."

"Witches!" I said; "nonsense. If there were witches about, they wouldn't leave doors open. Here's the back door wide open."

"Well, the upshot of it all was that somebody,—and I felt pretty sure who it was,—had stolen the medals. It was, of course, either Ned or Jane, for no stranger would have known either of the medals being in my possession, or where they were kept, or have known that little Nim was in the house, and have provided themselves with flour to throw at him, and scare him to death with the favorite bug a boo of the negroes,—witches.

"The summer came and went, and times grew harder and harder with us. Being just outside the town and with no man to protect us, we were a prey to all stragglers, and these began to be many. Constant detachments of the Confederate Army passed by us, and they stole all they could lay their hands on that was eatable, and no one could blame them, for they were nearly starved to death.

"I spent my money very cautiously and very carefully. I never went into Columbia except with some of the neighbors. The nearest ones were a quarter of a mile off. I waited until I saw them going past, and then asked to join them. I had a good excuse; for our old horse had died, and I had no way of riding into town any longer.

"Mr. Simpson was a very good friend. He took my money and gave me bills—Confederate bills—for my gold, so that he was the only person that really knew I had hard money. So I became more and more afraid of Ned and Jane. I believe I have forgotten to tell you that they were married. I felt sure that they were getting ready to run away, and did not mean to go until they could get some money to help them on in the world. They knew I had money somewhere, for I spent it and they knew it, and after a while I felt that I was being closely watched.

"Patty, too, warned me. One day I went out to see poor old Joe, who was all doubled with rheumatism, and Patty, with mysterious beckonings, called me inside the cabin.

"Miss Velma," she whispered, "has you got any hard money, chile?"

"Yes," I said, "I have, Aunt Patty."

"Dat's jus' what I s'pected. Now you be mighty keerful. Don' you trus' nobody."

"Why?" I said, and I was really frightened. "What is the matter, Aunt Patty?"

"Miss Velma," she said, putting her hand on my neck and bending my head so that she could whisper in my ear, "I heerd dem low down niggers whisperin' an' whisperin' t'oder night out in de kitchen. Dey tought I was abed an' sleep long afore; but de ole man had de gripes, an' I was goin' up sof' like for some mus'ard, w'en I hears um talkin', and Ned he say, 'Well, it aint goin' to mek no diffunce wedder dat money's a buckled roun' her or not, I'se a goin to get it,' an Jane she 'lowed she'd help. Now, honey, don' you wear dat belt no mo'."

"A cold chill ran all over me from head to foot.

"What shall I do?" I said. "Jane must have watched me some time when I was dressing."

"I dunno, chile," she said; "you might bery 'um whar you put the silver pots."

"Then I couldn't spend it, Aunt Patty."

"Dat's so. Well, I dunno, Miss Velma, on' don' you wear dat belt no mo'."

"She laid her hand on my arm with an entreating gesture, and looked up at me with her honest old eyes full of earnestness.

"Long before that, Joe and Patty and I had buried all the family silver under Aunt Patty's cabin, by taking up a board in the floor. We did it one day when I had sent Ned and Jane to town on purpose to get rid

of them. But that was before they had begun to watch me. I never managed to get them both at once off the place after that. They always had some excuse that kept them from going, and I was too much afraid of them to insist. They had missed the silver at once when they got home that day, but I was sure they never knew what became of it.

"That very afternoon we had a terrific rain storm, and I was caught out in it some distance up the road where I was coming home from our nearest neighbors, and was wet through. As soon as I got in, I went to change my clothes, and I very hastily pulled off my wet things and threw them on the floor. I wore my belt just under my dress skirt, and when I took it up to put it on again



HIDING THE MONEY IN THE ASHES.

a sudden impulse came upon me to take out all the money. There were only about eight pieces left, and I held them in my hand and wondered what I should do with them, when my eyes fell on a queer old metal snuff-box that I kept on my dressing-table for a hair-pin box. I put the gold in it and shut it together. It had a curious snapping clasp, and I dropped it into my pocket.

"The belt I left on the floor for a minute, lying on the heap of wet clothes, while I went into another room for a clean collar. When I came back, I noticed instantly that wet tracks reached from the gallery window to my clothes, and the belt lay *beside* and not *on* them, where I had dropped it. I ran like a flash to the window, but could see no one; but I knew it was Jane who had been there, for it couldn't have been any one else.

"I felt quite sure that she had been watching me; but not for a long enough time to have seen me empty the belt and put the gold in the snuff-box, or she wouldn't have touched the belt. So I really felt a little safer than I had before. I even gave the belt to the children to play with, that Ned and Jane might both see it.

"But what to do with the money I didn't know. I couldn't keep it in my pocket, it was too heavy, and I couldn't think of a safe hiding place, and for several days that money made me perfectly wretched. I was so afraid of Ned and Jane that I no longer dared to sleep in my own room with the children, and so, under pretense of finding my room damp from a leak in the roof, I moved all our beds into Miss Rhett's large room, and there, with all the doors locked, I felt a little safer.

"'About this time,' as the old farmers' almanac used to say, we were overrun with stragglers from the Southern Army, and idle negroes. Refugees were pouring into Columbia as being the last final stronghold that the Yankees could not penetrate. Even the very necessities of life could only be obtained in small quantities and for immense prices. Prisoners from Charleston were moved to a wretched place near the city, which I afterward knew they called Camp Sorghum, and they had for shelter only holes they dug in the earth. How my blood boiled when I knew it; yet I could not speak of it to a soul, and the care of the money I had left—and all we had to depend

upon—weighed heavily in my pocket and was a never-ending worry.

"One day I was in Aunt Patty's cabin when little Nim rushed in, calling, 'Lot o' dem soger mens coming,' and rushed away again.

"I involuntarily clapped my hand over my pocket and said:

"'Oh! what shall I do?' For a few days before, some stragglers had searched every nook and corner in a neighbor's house, and had even made her empty her pockets.

"'Is your money dere, Miss Velma?' said Patty. 'Gib it to me, quick!'

"I handed it to her in sheer despair. Quick as thought she raked a hole in the great pile of ashes in her fireplace, dropped the box in it, raked them back, threw on some light-wood, and just as it blazed up and in one second more two villainous-looking men walked in. They were rough and insolent, but they found nothing and soon went off. I could trust Aunt Patty perfectly; so I left my money there in the ashes, and went off with a lighter heart, because I had a lighter pocket, which isn't often the case.

"That night I heard for the first time in my life the awful bay of a bloodhound in pursuit of a man. I didn't know at first what it was; but Miss Rhett did, and screamed:

"'Oh, dogs! they're after somebody.'

"It was an awful sound; but it went on by us up the road. After that, we heard them several times, and we knew that they were on the track of some poor prisoner.

"One day, about a week after, Aunt Patty came upstairs to the room where we were all sitting, about an hour after dark. As soon as I looked at her I knew that something dreadful was the matter. She had the peculiar look that comes over the dark skin in times of terror or distress. It's a dreadful look, more than extreme pallor in white skins.

"'My ole man,' she said in a half-whisper; 'he's took drefful bad!'

"'What is it?' I said. 'Cramps, Aunt Patty? I'll come right off.'

"'Has you got some spirits, Miss Velma? He's drefful bad.'

"I did have one precious bottle of brandy, and I took it and threw a shawl over my shoulders. It was in January, and I ran with Patty beside me as fast as I could down





"MY GOD, SAM, IS THAT YOU?"

to the quarters. Half-way down, Patty put her hand out. We were in a clear space with no trees near us, and could see that we were alone by the light that came from my windows.

"'Miss Velma,' she whispered in my ear, 'my ole man's all right; it's a poor man from yonder,' she said, pointing over her shoulder to the grounds of the Insane Asylum, where the Union prisoners had been lately moved.

"'I wuz sittin' by the fire, an' I heerd a tap, tap on de do', an' w'en I opens it still, I sees him down on de groun'; an' he say: 'For God's sake take me in, an' hide me. I'se a prisoner got away. I'm just out de ribber and de dogs has los' de scent.' An' den he crawl in all drippin', an' he fell down on de flo' dead like.'

"Here was a complication—a Union prisoner that the dogs were after, and Miss Rhett in the house, and the children, and Ned and Jane, who couldn't be trusted. All this went through me like a flash, but I ran on.

"When I got to the cabin, I found that Joe had got him on to their bed and was rubbing his hands and feet. He was either dead or in a dead faint; at first I couldn't tell which; but after a few moments he opened his eyes. I put a little brandy between his lips, and he revived a little, and presently he spoke feebly, and I could just make out that he said, 'I'm starving.' We hadn't much to give him, and so, in place of the good beef tea he ought to have had, we gave him some egg-nog, which Joe could make to perfection.

"Then, as he dropped asleep again, still in his wet clothes, we deliberated what to do

and how to do it. We couldn't leave him where he was. Finally we got him up off the bed and pushed and pulled him up the ladder to a loft above, where they made him up a sort of bed on the floor.

"Then Patty and I went back to the house, and I got a suit of Uncle Robert's, and some underclothes and a couple of blankets, and we carried them down. It was such hard work not to let Miss Rhett know what we were doing; but I told her several awful lies, and among other things, that Patty's bedclothes had all been stolen by the last stragglers, and that Joe had just had a bad attack of cramps. The clothes had to be kept utterly out of sight, and fortunately for me, I was able to manage it. Between them the two good old creatures got the poor man into dry clothes, and I looked through his pockets to see if he had any valuables, and found nothing at all. All we knew, then, was that he wore a captain's uniform, and we carefully hid away that night every trace of his presence. Joe was told that he must go to bed, and stay there during every minute of daylight to arrest suspicion, and then, with Aunt Patty for escort, I crept home as softly as possible in the dense darkness. I shivered and shook with excitement and terror when I found myself safe in my room. To have the man discovered on our premises would mean all sorts of miseries, and not to keep him was impossible.

"The next day, as soon after breakfast as I dared to go, I went down to the cabin. Patty carefully fastened the door after me, and I climbed up the ladder. I knew something of illness, and I came to the conclusion that the prisoner, whom I thought looked like a gentleman, had malarial fever in the worst form, and was nearly starved to death besides. He was very slightly delirious, and needed medicine at once, quinine especially, and good food. Aunt Patty looked at me when I came down the ladder.

"'Shall I rake out de box, honey?'

"'Yes,' I said, and she raked it out, chuckling, 'dat's a mighty safe bank.'

"I couldn't help laughing, miserable and anxious as I was, for the old bank of ashes was worth more to me just then than all the money I had in the banks at the North. I took one gold piece, and went over to our nearest neighbors, and they took me into town, and violent South Carolina Confeder-

ates that they were, they, without meaning to do so, helped to give aid and comfort to the poor prisoner, and even then I enjoyed the joke.

"While in town we heard the news of the occupation of Savannah, and I wanted to scream for joy; but I couldn't, and felt as if I was suffocating because I couldn't. But when I got home again, I told Aunt Patty and Joe, who rejoiced, and my soldier, who only half-understood, but who looked pleased and repeated over and over, 'They've got Savannah.'

"I had to be very careful about going to see the poor man, for the others watched me all the time. Luckily, I had long been in the habit of going often to Patty's cabin, and as Joe was really sick, he did so much groaning for himself that the occasional added moans of my soldier didn't attract attention.

"One day, when I had to get some money from Aunt Patty, and she had just raked out the box from the ashes, I was sure I heard a strange sound at the door and I suddenly opened it. I stood close behind it and Ned fell headforemost into the room. Aunt Patty and I both screamed, and Joe yelled from his bed—we were all so startled—and Ned picked himself up and muttered something about coming to look for Miss Velma and 'trippin' on de do' sill.' Nothing could be said, except to tell him he was very careless, and to let him go, saying that I would go at once to the house. I knew he had seen Patty rake open the bed of ashes; for she had turned, poker in hand, when he fell in, and the tell-tale hole in the bank was there, and what to do with my money I couldn't imagine. But I put the box again into my pocket.

"That night, after long thought, I put it under a plaster image of an infant Samuel, a hideous thing that had stood for years on a pedestal in the corner of the upper hall. I had to put the box up inside the figure, which fortunately was hollow, and there I kept it for several days. One day one of the children, just for sheer mischief, took a soft black pencil from among the remnants of my sketching materials, and blacked the eyebrows of the image, and gave him pupils to his eyeballs, and the result, as I came upon it without warning in the early twilight, was a start, for his expression was anything except pious and devotional, and

looked to me really malicious and miserly; yet I couldn't help laughing, worried as I was.

"Every day we heard that the Yankees that I so hoped for, and the Yankees that every one else so dreaded, were drawing nearer and nearer. Such a thing as the actual invasion of Columbia by the Yankees had never been supposed to be a possible thing; but it began to look extremely probable. The captain—for he told me he was a captain, and he told me his name, too, which is of no consequence now—grew better slowly, and he developed an appetite that would have been hard to satisfy even in the old days of plenty; but in our poverty and with the danger of discovery, it was out of the question to get him all he wanted to eat. No inquiry had been made for him that I even knew of. Prisoners had escaped from the camp from time to time, and some had been recaptured and some had been found dead. He was very anxious to let his family know that he was alive; he told me of the girl he hoped one day to marry, and together we wondered if any plan could be devised by which I could get a letter through the lines that would tell his family the news and wouldn't tell the rebel authorities.

"It had then been a long time since I had tried to get a letter through to my friends in Berkshire. I had to be so guarded, and could only send four lines, and even by stretching the lines from the upper left-hand to the lower right-hand corner of a sheet of foolscap I couldn't get much in, and I could only tell them, without the risk of having the letter stopped, that I was alive. But I comforted the captain with the hope that the Union troops would soon come, and we waited for the end with what patience we could, and the store of hard money in the recess of the infant Samuel grew less and less.

"At last came a day, the 16th of February, 1865, when we knew the Union army was near. My soldier was just able to sit up; he could walk a few steps, but only with help, and I went to tell him on that evening that the soldiers were surely coming soon. He was a man; but he had been dreadfully ill, he had gone through awful suffering, had been hunted with dogs, and hidden like a criminal, and deliverance was near at hand, and he cried like a baby when I told him.

"I did not sleep at all that night. We could see the watch-fires on the crest of the hill across the river, and all night long there was constant firing from the rebel side. In the morning, soon after daylight, the shells began to scream over us fired by the Union men. It was an awful sound, and we were all terrified, and Miss Rhett and the children were nearly frantic. Ned and Jane cowered with terror one minute, and the next walked about with an insolence of manner fully displayed for the first time.

"About nine o'clock little Nim rushed in followed by a little darky from the next house.

"'Oh! missy,' he screamed, 'de marse Yankees is done come, an' dey's smashin' all de t'ings up yonder.'

"Then came one of our own little girls, screaming:

"'Cousin Velma, here is Mrs. Prentiss running up the road with the baby in her arms.'

"In a second more the poor terrified woman stood in the doorway. I begged her to go upstairs and stay with Miss Rhett, and I went up too, not to stay, but to get my money. Mrs. Prentiss said:

"'Oh! those dreadful men; they're Sherman's bummers at last. They're smashing everything in the house, just from pure malice, and they would have killed me, I believe, but I ran. And the children! oh! the children.' And she wrung her hands. 'Where are the children?'

"I left her with Miss Rhett and ran for my money. In my haste I turned over the image, and it was smashed into a thousand pieces. The frightened women thought the soldiers had come, and both screamed and the children too; but I paid no attention to them. I flew downstairs again, intent on saving my money and one or two valuable rings I had. I pulled them off and shut them in the box and threw it in the fire, which was low, and raked the ashes over it.

"Just as I did it, I looked round and saw Ned peering in at the window, and soldiers coming in at the front gate. Ned ran toward them, and I knew well enough that it was to tell them where my money was. Hard money was as great a boon to the soldiers as to us, and the negroes all through the South tried to ingratiate themselves with the Union soldiers, whenever they occupied a town, by

telling them—if they knew—where the family treasures had been hidden, hoping, usually in vain, to share the spoil. I dragged out the box, looked round in despair, and had a brilliant thought.

"One day, long before, I was sitting in Uncle Robert's big leather arm-chair, and I idly slipped my hand down between the seat and the back and felt something. I pulled it out and it proved to be a paper-cutter that had disappeared. I had thought then how well it had been hidden. I snatched all the money except one piece out of the box, and my rings, and pushed them down in the chair, which happened to stand right behind me, threw the box back in the ashes and was just sweeping them up over it when Ned and two soldiers came in, Ned saying:

"'Do'n, I tell you, Marse Yankees? See de young Miss brush 'em dere now.'

"I threw myself in the chair as if exhausted with fright, and sat there while they raked out my box and got it open. They all looked astonished and disgusted when they found but one gold piece, and the men turned furiously upon Ned, saying:

"'Here, you nig, you told us there was lots o' gold here, and here's one piece!'

"Ned looked astonished and frightened. I sat still and looked at them.

"'Well, you're a cool one!' one of the men said, staring at me.

"'I'm a Northern woman and a Union woman,' I said. 'I didn't expect that when the Union troops came I should be robbed; even starving rebels were content with food.'

"They all laughed insultingly.

"'That's a bully good chair you're sitting in,' said one. 'Come, dust out of it. We'll take this for Uncle Billy's house, boys. We'll have your doors and windows too; they'll come handy.'

"'I won't stir,' I said, and I was perfectly determined not to. 'This is my chair, and one of the few comfortable and decent pieces of furniture we have left, and you sha'n't have it.'

"I don't know how I ever had pluck enough to sit there and answer those men, except that I was desperate; I couldn't lose my money.

"'All right,' said one, 'catch a hold, Jim, an' we'll take the chair an' the gal too.'

"I knew I gave one terrified shriek, but

I held on fast to the chair, and never budged an inch. The men lifted it off the floor, and I felt myself slipping, slipping, when a voice behind cried, 'Stop!' and in sheer amazement, the men did stop. I looked round and saw my soldier, thin and white, and shaking with excitement and weakness. I made one jump toward him, and helped him to the chair, with Patty's help. She had helped him to the house all alone. He fell down into it and said:

"'I am an escaped prisoner, and this young lady kept me and saved my life.'

"The men were just saying something, I never knew what, when an officer appeared at the door. He stopped short and then made a jump.

"'My God, Sam, is that you?'

"And he and my preserver hugged each other and laughed and cried all at once. Then, without stopping to explain, the officer ran to the door and shouted, and presently several more men, who jumped off their horses at the gate, came tearing in, and they all shook hands and acted like mad men over my captain. I stood over in a corner, and the darkies and soldiers stood about and looked on as I did.

"Presently my captain said, 'Wait, friends,' and he tried to get up, but was too weak. 'Miss Velma, will you come here, please?' And he took my hand and said something about my having saved him from a dreadful death, and I felt very red in the face and ready to cry, when another officer came to the door and I heard some one call, 'Velma, is that you?' and I had hardly time to look up when I found myself in the arms of my good, kind old friend, Mr. Denny, only he was Colonel Denny then. Then he turned and exclaimed, 'Sam!' as the other officer had, and hugged my prisoner, who turned out to be Mr. Denny's nephew, and the other officer was my captain's brother. Such a time of rejoicing as it was! They had heard of the prisoner's escape, and feared that all sorts of dreadful things had happened to him.

After we had quieted down a little and the men had all been sent away, I got my gold pieces back. First, though, we heard a few explanations all round.

"'It's very strange,' said Colonel Denny, 'that you didn't know that Sam Monroe was my nephew.'

"How should I know?" I said. "He didn't have your name, and he didn't mention yours."

"Ah, true!" said the colonel. "I knew it so well myself, you see. And it's strange that Fred here didn't know that I was hurrying to the front as fast as I could just to find this house, and put a guard round it, for I have been here before with your Uncle Robert."

"But how should I know that, pray? You never mentioned any names. You said, 'the house of an old friend of mine,' and that was all."

"Well, of course, you know," said the colonel with delightful inconsistency, "I couldn't be guilty of mentioning a lady's name in a promiscuous sort of way."

"We all laughed heartily. But the colonel had his turn of laughing, although his eyes were dim, too, when he heard the story of my hard money and how my obstinacy in taking it South with me had saved several lives. To get what was left of it out of the chair was 'no fool of a job,' as my captain's brother said, and the only reason that I did not always regret that I hadn't thought of such a good place before was, that I couldn't have got it out when I wanted to spend it."

"When Colonel Denny had to go on with his regiment, he left my captain's brother with two soldiers to take care of us, and as soon as Captain Monroe was able he went to Savannah and was sent North to his friends."

"After the war was over and Uncle Robert had come back again, we all came North, and here we have been ever since. Much to my relief, Ned and Jane disappeared with the army when they left Columbia, and were never heard of again, and Miss Rhett went back to her home and her friends, and the prisoner married the girl that had nearly mourned herself to death when she believed him to be dead, and——"

"I can tell you the rest," said a pretty girl of seventeen, "and you, Mamma Velma, married the prisoner's brother, and here he is now," and she slipped her hand into her father's. "But to have had a proper ending for a story, you ought to have married the prisoner."

"I had a word to say about that," said a merry voice from the other side of the fire.

"Ah!" said her mother, "then we didn't realize that *we* were a story; but even if we had, I think it would have ended as it has." And after a moment she added: "And nothing about it all seems stranger or harder to believe than that we who came of that generation, who are even now not old, and who once hated each other so cordially have now buried it all. There has been nothing like it before in all history, and I hope there never will be again."

And presently the fire died down to pale ashes and the sounds of the wind and rain ceased and a pale and watery moon looked in at the windows and saw an empty room.

## THE CYCLONE.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

A BLACK cloud edged with saffron flame  
Above the hushed horizon came. . . .  
A sword of lightning cut the cloud,  
Then burst the thunder's triumph loud,  
And mad wind-forces thus set free  
Reveled in ruin o'er land and sea.





## THE DOMESTIC MONEY QUESTION.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THERE are many women, sensible, large-hearted, happily married; devoted, and, on the whole, contented wives and mothers, who are yet not in entirely easy relations with the husband regarding money. It is not a question of more or less money to spend; it is that the manner and *motive* of supply and expenditure have never been smoothly adjusted, and, therefore, never satisfactorily settled.

It is not necessary that the husband be churlish and grudging, or the wife selfish and extravagant, to make the chariot-wheels drive heavily. Niggardliness, prodigality, greed of gain, love of frivolity are matters of individual, if total, depravity; and while they affect, they do not constitute the domestic problem. A man devoted and generous may cause, a wife thrifty and clever may feel, the unpleasant consciousness of asking for money. Her cheek tingles in solitude over the reflection that she seems to be in a position of inferiority and not of primacy; a position of one receiving and not of one owning; the position—she feels in extreme moments—of a pauper and not of a proprietor. She hesitates about gifts, charities, ornaments, prettinesses, indulgences, even conveniences, where she would not hesitate a moment with the same amount of money if she had earned or heired it. Many and many a happy wife has said, and many another has doubtless thought, that the possession in her own right, at marriage, of never so small a sum would have been a boon quite apart from its market value. Many a mother has evolved from experience the resolution that *her* daughters shall go to their husbands with a certain fund which they can command, as the lawyers say, without recourse.

After a fashion perhaps, yes. If that is really the best she can do—yes. If she is young, timid, preoccupied with man's work, if for any reason she has not yet fully entered into, still less if she has not yet clearly conceived of, her kingdom, I suppose it must be yes; but only a partial, a temporary, a conditional yes at best; a yes of make-

shifts, not of principles. It is better to bail the boat than go to the bottom. It is better to rig up a sail from a silk mantle than not to get into port. But it remains that the chief and ultimate thing is to build the yacht on a right model, trim and staunch, to sail with God the seas, and make port not only safely but proudly.

The fundamental remedy for financial friction is not separate purses but a better understanding of the one purse; a more complete comprehension of the unity that underlies the relation of man and wife, and of which the financial is but a single phase. With all our higher education of women, with all their actual mental stir and their elevated social status, even our American women have, in general, but a faint and fragmentary notion of woman's true position as a factor in the problem of humanity. Women do not generally discern the existence or the nature of their real superiority to man. Neither do men. In this country, which—I judge from a somewhat limited observation, it is true, but an observation helped out by care and interest—has advanced further in the right direction, which is the only real advance, than any other;—in this country woman is set on a pedestal above the common earth. It is not that men have put her there, but she is somehow—by the Power outside ourselves that makes for righteousness—there. Men concede the position half in jest; women accept it half in earnest; neither understand that it is a stage in the eternal order of progress, in the majestic development of humanity. Happily it is not necessary that this should be understood. Happily we can be in harmony with laws of the universe of which we know nothing. Women can, women do, stand in their own place and rule their kingdom beneficently, unaware that they have a place or a kingdom; living only their sweet, full life of impulse, integrity, and affection; right-thinking, right-acting by inward divine revelation.

To nearly every woman, so nearly that one may say with no more than rhetorical exag-

geration, to every woman, there comes once in life—and often it is

"Once and for one only"—

a short sway, a few years, months, moments when her spiritual scepter is potent, her supremacy not only unquestioned, not only accepted, but craved as the boon of life, triumphantly worn as the prize and crown of all earthly endeavor. It is a short supremacy; custom stales its novelty, and care eats away the leisure for its delight; and, more fatal than all else, limited earthly nature falters under the long draught upon its spiritual strength and responds feebly and fitfully; but while it lasts there is no financial question. Love, living and active, makes no count, but lavishes. Love does not pay bills, or furnish funds, or provide support. All is incense, offering, sacrifice, the costlier the sweeter, since so, more fully, is love and worship expressed.

I am not unaware that many will consider this, still more what follows, as mere sentimental high-flying; I do not deny that it is. But it is also a truth of the spiritual world as simple, as fundamental as gravitation in the material world; a truth which to ignore or defy is to invite disaster. High-flying is here the only safe flying. It is low-flying that makes life murky.

The ordinary way is to treat this brief and generally youthful period of exaltation with an indulgent, regretful sympathy, as a pleasing, almost a playful incident, a tuneful prelude to pretty sober prose, a flowery pathway to work-a-day fields; universal but insignificant; to be prudently, promptly, cheerfully relinquished and practically forgotten. Young people, young women especially, are forewarned not to wreck their own and their husbands' happiness by laying too much stress on the blandishments of courtship, and foolishly sighing over their submergence in the solid friendship of marriage. They are warmly enjoined not to be disappointed and distressed when they reassume existence, as needs must, no longer divinities adored, enshrined, but women, with faults and limitations and duties; to be occupied, judged, perhaps censured. If a wife is respected, consulted, honored, and trusted, she is advised that she is very well off, and would be only foolish to expect those constant looks and words of affection that bespeak the uncertain period of love, and mark

only its pursuit. The man having gained his prize, can no longer be alert, but is tranquil and careless in possession. That is all. With that she must comfort herself.

But that is not all; in fact, it is nothing at all. It does not touch the depths of the question. Whoever has tried to feed on it has found it what it is—husks; and none the less will it be husks, though it should be fed out a thousand years for corn. When a woman whose heart has been won from her by the innumerable fascinations of love begins to feel the deadly chill of its withdrawal, nothing can be more idle than to tell her that it is the way of the world. It is not the way of her world. In her world, her silent, cherished, ideal inner world, which only the touch of love can open, and only the foot of love can tread, love grows day by day in beauty, and stature, and strength, knowing no abatement of novelty, falling into no stupor of coldness, sounding never the harsh note of retreat. It is not in a woman to live and love and not suffer martyrdom when love begins to hibernate, however pride and instinct may school her to silence. I never see even two idiots in a railway train, idiotically revealing their love to all the world—and I think love can never appear to greater disadvantage—without an honest, sympathetic pang for the disillusion—there is no such word in the dictionary, but there ought to be—which is sure to come, and which will be swift and violent and vulgar in proportion to the corresponding qualities of its display.

How to say to them and to all the world that it is the disillusion that is delusion? The illusion is the high-water mark of truth. This short exceptional state of exaltation, glamour, delirium, is the real level, the ultimate goal of life. Love is the revealer. Love raises for one transfiguring moment the dull, heavy, shrouding curtain, and shows the soul in its supreme but attainable moment. What man and woman are to each other in that inward illumination, this is their real relation. The mark of the beast is deeply on us all; the curtain drags down again full soon; care and cark come in to make us sad-hearted, absent-minded, forgetful of days and tokens and the interchange that once was essential. Absorbed in gain, strenuous in the never-ending fight for life, weighted under the never-lifting

burden of sorrow, we permit ourselves to grow commonplace and uninteresting; but none the less has the curtain once been drawn aside, and the man and woman have seen each other glorified.

This idealization—ideal, not in the sense of being unreal, but of being the realization of the ideal—continues exactly in proportion to the ability of the character to sustain it. The loftiest nature feeds longest the flame of love. In this, the highest regard, woman is unquestionably the superior. Man and woman together form the human unit, and of that unit man is the part most closely akin to earth; woman is the part more nearly allied to heaven. The old story of the creation in Eden frames this in a primitive picture, whose details are brought out with infinite minuteness and accuracy all along the way of human history. Many men are nobler than many women. Many wives are coarser than many husbands. But the essential fact remains that womanhood is a diviner, a more spiritual and hidden substance, than manhood.

Young, eager, forceful, man's love is kindled at a torch that is only half from heaven; but it carries all before it. While it burns it devours obstacles, defies fate, conquers death, absorbs woman. The man is Lord and Master.

The woman's soul opens more slowly, never spontaneously; must always be won open by persistent and imperious assurance. Love is shy, timorous, reluctant. The faint flame fears to shine, flickers, and is ready to die at an uncared-for breath; but once steadily alight, it burns with an everlasting radiance.

Thus the recognized fact that women love more, and live by love more, and live in their love more, than men, has its origin not in weakness but in strength. Women are not to be exhorted to expect less love than they give as the proper ratio; to put up with half-heartedness as their final award. What they are to do is to use their divine gift of love-power to bring men up to whole-heartedness. Love was never invented for the fun of it. Love was never created for indulgence alone. Not alone for its softness to the tread, however sweet the softness; not alone for the breath of its fragrance, however exquisite the bloom, was that garden of enchantment spread around the fountain of life. In the realm of God every fact has

its soul. Nothing is insignificant. Least of all can the universal be insignificant. Love gives not only the radiant aureole of happiness; it is the white glow in which character is fused and fashioned.

Here, woman is the chief artificer. Whatever ranks of beings may be in other worlds, in this world none outranks woman for possessing the mind of Christ, the divine in the human—divine in the hiding of her power, divine in her inexhaustible patience, divine in her eternal love.

The literal fact of motherhood is but the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of motherliness. Some of the truest mothers have been childless. Sometimes, but seldom, women have held their own children in their arms without ever tasting the sweet or reading the secret of motherhood.

And so, by short and easy and natural stages, we come to the household purse. For woman is the mother element of humanity. Woman is the mother, the brooding, living, patient, constant former of her husband's character just as truly as of that of her children. Her love is to continue the mother's work and build up the man's spiritual being. All the allurements of love were to lead her to that holy and arduous office, to bind her therein with life-long devotion. Her business is to train the imperfect, but loving, and therefore willing; the beloved, and therefore possible, man into the fullness of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus. What he showed himself to her under the glamour of "extraordinary generous seeking," that she must see that he abide in the searching and steady sunlight. Where he installed her on the day of their espousals, there she must stand till the end of the days, even though she have to fight for foothold! The delicate, sensitive spirit would often, perhaps, choose rather to yield everything; to withdraw within itself as aforetime; but that is denied her. That would be selfishness. Once having admitted him to the inner sanctuary, she has forfeited the right to exclude him, except from utter hopelessness to eternal darkness; but of this do not speak; not of the bad men, the vile and vulgar, who have not yet emerged from beasthood far enough to count as spiritual beings; who only by some fatal and inexplicable mistake are ever mated

with the daughters of God. None but their Maker can deal with them, and to Him it seems sane and sanitary that they should be promptly remitted.

I speak of men most dear, well, and worthily beloved, who do the best they know how, and who yet will sometimes grieve, not to say enrage, the women for whom they would nobly die, because they do not know any better. If such an one his wife finds less delicate, thoughtful, tactful, tender than she found the lover, it should be the business of her life to restore him, or, if need be, to lead him to his right mind, not abandon him to continuous decadence.

But if, also, when such an one begins to be forgetful and indifferent, begins not to notice, begins to take things for granted, begins to fall back into, or, for the first time, to show symptoms of, exclusive ownership of himself, his wife would be saved much sorrow if she could find it in her heart to discern the truth, that it is not necessarily a matter personal to herself or to him, but common to his department of the race. It is the flicker and failure of the inferior spirit, unable to mate the steady glow of the superior spirit. The intellect may be vast and commanding, but character is greater than intellect. The moral nature outranks the intellectual nature. It is true that his faltering *is* the way of the world, but only to the extent that it is not a matter for solitary dismay, surprise, grief. But still more, on the other hand, is it not for surrender. Her stronger soul must gird itself to its heavenly task, and keep down the base in man, and teach high thought, and hold him to the highest possibilities. If he forgets her position, if he succumbs to his strong earth-nature and looks upon himself as the final arbiter, looks upon money that he has earned as his rather than hers, because he earned it, instead of looking upon it as hers rather than his, because it is for her he earned it, because it is she who must give it true value by transmuting it into home, art, character—then she must vigilantly keep her lamp trimmed and burning to light him into the right path. If he falls into the error of fancying that his work is the more important because it makes the most noise, insures the most fame, is most easily seen and measured, she must show him that those are the infallible signs of

secondary, human work, of this world's work; while the very silence, the imponderance, impalpability, and immeasurability of her work by this world's standards, are the signs by which she reads her title clear to mansions in the skies; and if he would dwell by her side in those mansions, he must serve her loyally in these.

A woman should never suffer herself to forget that it is her duty to bring her husband to his better mind, nor herself to surrender to his worse. It may almost be said that it is not his fault if he does not fully understand their relative situations, does not understand her delicacy regarding the money question; does not understand that money is the sign of her spiritual credit in her household, just as it is the sign of his commercial credit in the world. He was born into a lower stratum, a denser atmosphere. He was born a man. He can not help that. He can not, at a single jump, vault into the empyrean forever, where a woman naturally dwells. "Through love's divine omnipotence" he soared thither for one brief period and filled his lungs with the divine afflatus; but that single experience could not furnish him for a sustained, an illimitable flight.

The wife should teach her husband that the prize is not won simply because it is in his hand. A horse, a house, a housekeeper can hardly be so secured; how much less a living spirit. To have her is but a part of the quest; the real entity is to hold her. The old marriage ceremony formulates all my sentimentalism: "to have and to hold," said the tough old fathers of the Prayer-book, building better than they knew, if they did not mean to build my sanctuary. When a man has gathered into the fold of home the girl he loves, all that he has secured is his opportunity; opportunity to grow in grace, to command her happy allegiance, to crown her queen of all that is; opportunity to organize around one blessed hearthstone the Kingdom of Heaven.

How vain, and trivial, and cheap, and vulgar seem the lust of clothes and carpets, the ostentations and rivalries of petty materialism beside this Holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born, and of the Eternal, co-eternal beam!

The relation of money is but one of the many relations that should feel the benign

and shaping touch of woman. It is chiefly important because of its ministering power, because it is servant of servants to its brethren. It is not to be disposed of by setting up a separate purse, any more than by setting up a separate child. If a man counts a woman fit to be the mother of his children, it is little that she should be fit to expend money for their rearing. If a man is gentle and soft enough to come into tender contact with his little children, he must be malleable enough to be shaped aright in regard to the money that they and their mother require. Of course, if the man is over-brutal, and the woman over-silly, there must be disaster, whether there be one purse or twenty, or none. There may well be women who have no sense about money, just as there are women who do not know how to bring up children. It is a defect of character. Such women are a failure in proportion to their defects, and their defective work, it can not be denied, is evil. But if both husband and wife are of the common type, honest, sincere, devoted, and fairly sensible, a patient, continuous, and not unlovely process of consultation and conciliation and compromise will bring them eventually into a clear understanding of relative values.

A not unlovely process? Certainly not. On the contrary, it is a loving and comforting process. A man needs to be comforted for being a man, needs often to be long and lovingly labored with before he can be made aware that he needs consolation for being a man! He should be well assured that though a lowly, he is still a necessary, minister at the shrine of humanity. His wife should caressingly convince him that though he has the rough work to do, it is work that must be done before she can do hers. He must make a frame for her picture or she would have to go into cabinet-making herself, and by so much abandon her true artistic work. His lot has been appointed him to delve and dig, to preach and plead,

to brave wind and sun and storm. He must work like a horse, and he is less strong than a horse. He must live as a spirit, and he is not so pure a spirit as his wife. It is hard lines for the poor man, and his wife must hold a most careful and cherishing hand to encourage him as a man, and not to discourage him as a—well, as a horse.

When he makes his little unholy lurches into arrogance, as may not unnaturally be expected in his cruder stages, and enforces, or even assumes his hundred-horse-power as the effective and standard power, it is not for her to weep in silent heart-break and despair, or to take refuge in United States bonds of her own; or rudely to make his ignorant life a burden to him by her displeasure. It is with sweetness, as well as light, to suffuse his soul till his conviction becomes a constitutional instinct, that hers is the immediate, his but the mediate hand, in establishing the kingdom of Heaven on earth; that he supplies, and she applies, the exquisite tools for its eternal workmanship; that he is the brawny servitor to bring gifts to the altar, and she the high-priestess before the Holiest of Holies, where foot of men never penetrated. He may buy and bring and bruise the frankincense and myrrh, but she alone swings the solemn censer when the smoke of their common offering ascends to Heaven.

I am sure this theory needs only to be suggested to be adopted; and its adoption means smooth sailing henceforth forever more. Women will take their true position, if only they can be certain it is theirs. Men will come promptly into line when they know that the procession moves Heavenward.

Happy pen, to which has been given to establish such peace on earth! Happy earth, in that I may now, after the manner of Browning, and with the good-will of all men, "hush and bless myself with silence"!





## MONTE CARLO: ITS GAMES AND GAMESTERS.\*

BY CHARLES C. WELMAN.

### I.

WHEN the servant opens the Venetian shutters of his bedroom window on the morning after his arrival at Monte Carlo, the traveler, say, from the British Isles, who sees the sunlight pouring in can hardly believe that a few hours can have brought him into a climate so different from the cold and gloomy one in which the Anglo-Saxons are condemned to pass too many months a year. It is the end of November; but the sky is cloudless, the air is balmy, the flowers and orange blossoms send their fragrance into the room, and the sun tempts him out into the balcony.

So, putting on a dressing-gown, not so much to keep him warm as to fit him for society, he takes the tray, on which is seductively arranged *un café complet*, places it on the balustrade, and looks out upon the Mediterranean. Luxuriously enjoying his fragrant coffee and the little twisted rolls, which, with a wafer of delicious butter, make his early breakfast, he can not but admit that, under certain circumstances, life is worth living, after all.

He is in no hurry; one never need be at Monte Carlo; and, whilst dressing, returns again and again into the balcony to sun himself, and gaze upon the lovely view. After writing his letters, he is free for the day. As he sticks on the last postage stamp, he dismisses from his mind all the worries and cares of life, and gives himself up—it is easy to do so under such conditions—to the full enjoyment of the present.

As he intends to "have a look in" at the tables, he arms himself with his letter of credit, and saunters out to find the bank. He discovers that there is no establishment of the kind in the whole of the principality! Curiously enough, the Prince of Monaco, although countenancing the presence of the gaming tables, will not tolerate that of a bank.

But he can stroll into France—it is only a

few yards away—and he is presently across the frontier, and in the little bank of the *Veuve Lacroix*. The next thing is to buy a white umbrella to keep off the sun, to find out a barber—one is too comfortably indolent to shave himself at Monte Carlo—and to complete the toilet with a button-hole. It is impossible to enter the flower shop without buying more flowers than all the button-holes in one's coat would carry; so a box of roses, lilies of the valley, heliotrope, and carnations is soon on its way to England, and the purchaser leaves the shop with a conviction that he has done his duty, and is entitled to all the amusement he can get. It is a comfort to sit down to breakfast and dinner without the trouble of ordering dishes in advance.

When the British waiter inquires what he would like, the visitor often finds it difficult to think of anything but chops or steaks, and as the waiter is never ready with advice, beyond perhaps a muttered "nice fowl, sir," he probably orders one of these dishes, which, in most country hotels throughout England, seem to be looked upon as "the means whereby he lives."

The *table-d'hôte* system is a great relief, certainly; it is coming to us, but how slowly! When shall we get good coffee? When will the refreshments at our English railway stations cease to deprive us of our appetites by their very appearance? When will a bowl of clear soup be obtainable, that "*tasse de bouillon*" which is the comfort of the traveler abroad?

The conversation at the *table d'hôte déjeuner* is full of references to the luck experienced by players on the previous day; systems and martingales and runs of luck insist on monopolizing it, like "golf" at St. Andrews or "hunting" at Melton Mowbray.

After breakfast, the Monte Carlo world makes its way to the Casino, where, morning after morning, from year's end to year's end, a crowd of players awaits the opening of the doors. A strange and motley crowd it is! Its constituent parts may change from day to

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day, but its characteristic features remain, a kaleidoscopic jumble of representatives of "all sorts and conditions of men," and women, and of every nation under the sun. Here we have multitudes met to do the same thing, but in many different ways, and with objects altogether dissimilar. Some spend their lives in the room, content to make each day a certain small sum, which they look upon as the interest of the money they are prepared to risk; these are the old hands, the cautious players, but they are certain to have their "dark hour" sooner or later. Others seem to prefer "a short life and a merry one;" they will not remain long in the room, but, whilst there, play recklessly, as the fancy of the moment leads them. No systems for these! They despise them all! Their motto is, "Luck and luck only."

Then, again, there are the worshipers of systems; they have been preparing for the attack for months, and at home and on paper have done wonderful things, or they would not be here; but in most cases the system employed comes to this: that they can not be beaten unless some combination or run takes place, against which the odds are very great. These may be successful for a long time, but it is easy to calculate the odds against that run or combination, and it is certain to confront them sooner or later, and will probably, when it once makes its appearance, prove the truth of the proverb, "Misfortunes never come singly," by quickly appearing again. There are the superstitious players, who back the number of their room at the hotel; of the railway carriage in which they traveled from Nice or Mentone; of the day of the month; of *any* number they may happen to hear of, dream of, read of! Once in thirty-seven times (on an average) they naturally win, the betting being only thirty-six to one against them, and this sets them off anew; they whisper the wonderful news to a friend and set *him* off, for they forget to mention the number of times they failed, and so the game goes on.

Then we come to the "plasterers." These are generally ladies whose supplies are drawn from other pocket-books than their own. Attended by the gentleman for whom she is about to "plunge," and who stands modestly in the background with a roll of notes in his hand, the plasterer covers the table with gold. Following her "inspira-

tion," she piles the louis here and there, on every kind of event and in a sort of frenzy, up to the last moment that the ball continues to spin. This is not a bad sort of gambling (when the money is not one's own), for, after all, one is as likely to win as to lose: in the former event, "one participates;" in the latter, one does nothing of the kind. "*Vive le jeu!*"

Besides these classes, there is the amusing one of those who hover round a five-franc piece and dance with excitement as the number is called out. They are probably the richest people in the room.

For the contemplation of human nature Monte Carlo is a splendid studio. You admire the calmness with which a maximum is lost or won by a player, whose face betrays no emotion, whatever may happen, and smile contemptuously at the petulance of another, who loses a couple of louis and his temper at the same *coup*. You make a note on the subject, resolving to imitate the former, but find it not quite so easy to do so as a pile of your own bright gold is harvested in a matter of fact way, provoking in itself.

## II.

DURING the season the Roulette tables are surrounded by so great a throng that the players who manage to obtain seats are hardly to be envied. Those standing behind them—in rows often two or three deep—think nothing, in the excitement of the moment, of leaning over the occupants of chairs and pushing against them to an exasperating extent. Altogether, what with the excitement of play, the heat of the room, and the pushing alluded to, it is well not to remain at the tables for more than an hour or two at a time, and a stroll in the entrance hall, in the soothing company of a cigar, is a good preparation for the enjoyment of the concert which is given at three o'clock.

In the magnificent theater, the seats, which are free to all, are roomy and luxurious, and the exquisite music charms the loser into indifference and calms the excitement of the winner.

The concert over, a couple of hours may well be devoted to walking or driving, and the soft air, the sunny skies, and lovely scenery invite one to forget the voice of the croupier, and to turn from the spell of his magic rake. The gardens fringing the sum-



After a painting by Ludwig Bockelman.

A SCENE IN THE SALON-DE-JEU.

Engraved by J. Clement.

mit of the rock of Monaco are within a short drive, and in these it is a delight to lounge. They are not nearly so formal as those surrounding the Casino. Through paths bordered by scarlet geraniums, ten feet high, and shaded by cypress and ilex, one arrives continually at points of view from which he looks down into the clear water far below, and away, on either hand, along the bold indented coast line. Of ships there are few to be seen in the spring, but, on a clear day, the snowy mountain tops of Corsica may be viewed "fringing the southern sky." Here and there the idea of fortification is kept up by an obsolete gun, sometimes dismounted, and a crumbling embrasure; but these give an expression of profoundest peace.

There is an army somewhere about the rock, principally in the sentry-boxes at the palace gate, and a veteran officer with long, white mustache may occasionally be seen sunning himself in the square. With what calm indifference may he peruse the paper, and read of wars and rumors of wars! No doubt he has done good duty somewhere in days gone by; but now he is at rest.

The Prince of Monaco is liberal and open-handed, and does not forget to devote to charity and religion a portion of the large income which the advent of the gaming tables has incidentally brought him. A very handsome and richly built cathedral at Monaco and a beautiful church at Monte Carlo have lately been opened, and testify to his zeal and devotion.

It must be confessed that there is no great choice of roads in making an excursion from Monte Carlo. It is only possible to go south in a boat, or north in the character of an Alpine climber, as the mountains and the sea hem the little territory in; but the main road, running east and west, offers the attraction of such glorious views that it is impossible to tire of it.

A visit to Roguebrune, on the road toward Mentone, takes one back at once into the Middle Ages. The little town can not have changed very much during several centuries. The ancient tower, with its fortified courtyard, and the houses clustering in picturesque confusion round the rocky summit which it crowns, must have seen men come and go and still remained the same themselves through many a long year, and, as the visitor, leaning over the rampart wall,

looks down over the mountain slopes where the peasants are watching their flocks as their ancestors did in days of old, and sees the bright cupolas of the Casino glittering in the distance, it is difficult for him to believe that he is close to such a busy, restless world.

The peasants lead a hard, dull life, existing from day to day, but rarely bettering the position in which they were born. There is no capital amongst them, no great employers of labor, nothing to stimulate energy; and, if peasant proprietorship is, as it may be elsewhere, a blessing to the community at large, it would be unwise to point to the Riviera as an illustration of its advantages. Even the peasants, however, share in the prosperity that the advent of the gaming tables has brought to the entire district, and find a ready market for ten times the amount of garden and farm produce for which there was formerly a demand.

On the other side of Monaco, that is to say, on the way to Nice, there nestles at the bases of the hills a lovely little cluster of houses, hardly more than this at present, known as Beaulieu. It is, perhaps, the most sheltered spot along the coast, almost tropical in its vegetation, and a fairy land of loveliness. People are beginning to find this out, and it is to be hoped that the beautiful little place will not be over-built in consequence.

For a carriage and pair to Roguebrune and back the fare is twelve francs; to Beaulieu and back, thirteen; to Mentone and back, fourteen; to Villefranche and back, sixteen; to Nice and back, twenty-five francs. This will give an idea of the relative distances, and it may be mentioned that in each case the payment of these fares includes the right of staying a proportionate time at the places mentioned. For instance, an hour and a half at Mentone, three hours at Nice, and so on.

When the important hour of dinner arrives, the visitor can have his choice of many different places at which to dine, and it is very amusing to make the round of the various hotels and try the *table d'hôte* provided at each. Those at the Hôtel de Paris, Hôtel Victoria, Grand Hôtel, Hôtel de Russie, and Hôtel des Anglais are all excellent, but the choice is not limited to these; Monte Carlo is a town of hotels, there being about thirty in the little place.

There are also restaurants at many of these, and that at the Grand Hôtel is to be highly recommended; its rooms are beautifully furnished, and charmingly lit with shaded lamps and candles, and if a player desires the consolation of a perfect dinner, he may stroll in here with the greatest confidence. At Monte Carlo, of all places, the excuse for ordering a particularly sly and satisfactory dinner never seems to be wanting.

After a successful morning at the tables, it appears well to commemorate the occasion; and if ill luck has attended the player, he naturally requires to be cheered up. Then again, after piles of louis and rolls of notes have been before his eyes all day, and very likely passing through his fingers, he is tempted to forget the value of money, and a louis more or less appears of little consequence.

Cheered and refreshed, and further soothed by a cigar and cup of coffee, he makes his way once more to the Casino, plays his little game, and enjoys, perhaps for the second time, the concert which is given in the theater at nine o'clock. The tables close at eleven, after which a cigar at the Café de Paris, including something to moisten it with, and a stroll to the hotel, bring the day to a close. Such is life at Monte Carlo.

### III.

WHEN M. Blanc, the proprietor of the tables, retired, a company was formed in order to carry on the concern, and there was no difficulty in raising the necessary capital. The shares are now at a premium; but it is said that investors, although receiving good interest for their money, do not clear extraordinary profits, the daily expenses being so enormous. Everything is done, of course, in the most liberal manner, and no pains or expense are spared to make the place attractive. Should any player lose all the money he has brought, he has only to go to the bureau, in order to be at once furnished with sufficient money to take him home, no matter in what quarter of the world he may live. But it is given as a loan; the name and description of the borrower are entered on the books, and he is not allowed to pass through the doors of the Casino, much less to play at the tables, until the loan has been repaid.

The sum employed in maintaining so splendid an orchestra must be enormous, artists being engaged regardless of all expense. In the summer the concerts are conducted on the terrace, where it is delightful indeed to pace the well-kept walks, or to linger in the fragrant gardens listening to the soft strains of music beneath a star-lit sky, as the fire-flies fitfully glimmer close at hand, and the lights of Monaco are reflected in the peaceful water of the intervening bay. On the feast of St. Charles, the great day at Monaco and Monte Carlo, the gardens and terraces are splendidly illuminated, and at the former place there is a grand display of fireworks. Besides the set pieces, which are very elaborate and costly, rockets innumerable, singly or in dozens, or in hundreds, rush up into the sky, and, reflected in the dark water, seem to plunge into the depths below, until, in a bouquet of five hundred of these discharged at once, the display terminates, a display unrivaled even by the once famous Girandola of Rome.

Immediately below the Casino, and just across the railway line, is the plot of ground devoted to pigeon-shooting. Here the international cup is competed for, and many other valuable prizes, and it is needless to say that a good deal of heavy betting takes place. Not long after the international match was established, the cup was won, curiously enough, two years in succession by two brothers—Englishmen—Captain H. B. Patton and Captain Aubrey Patton, and for some time the English pigeon shots had a good deal the best of it; but Americans and sportsmen of other nations have gone in for the amusement now, and quite hold their own at it. The ground is not considered an easy one, as the birds fly toward the sea, and, if once allowed to rise, have for their background the deep blue water, instead of the green turf, and are in consequence difficult to see.

At such a place as Monte Carlo innumerable stories are in circulation, as might well be supposed, of the luck of various players. The few examples of these that follow are well authenticated, and most of them are within the knowledge of the writer. Two gentlemen who had been working at a system at home went out to try it. At home it had worked to perfection, and they had made large fortunes in counters. Their



capital was sufficiently large to stand a long run against them, but if the opposite color to that on which they were playing appeared sixteen times in succession, that would beat them!

Well, the odds against a run of sixteen are exactly sixty-five thousand five hundred and thirty-five to one, and as the average number of spins given at a Roulette board each day is something over six hundred, roughly speaking, twenty thousand spins a month, a run of sixteen, though *certain* to take place sooner or later, would hardly, they thought, be mean enough to make its appearance before they had won enough to meet it with comparative indifference. But they encountered a run of exactly that length the first evening they played, and went home next day! They were certainly not only unlucky, but very foolish.

To risk a large sum on the chance of an event *not* occurring, which you know does, and even *must*, occur on an average about four times a year on every table in the room, is to play a game which you deserve to lose.

Four players, not long ago, elaborated a system proof against any long run and any combination, *except one*. It was complicated but ingenious; they played systematically, having thoroughly drilled themselves before leaving home, and two playing at a trial (one to make the necessary calculations, the other to manipulate the stakes), they opposed the bank successfully for some weeks, winning about one thousand francs each hour they played, just as they had calculated they should. But one afternoon the objectionable combination made its appearance, and deprived them of ten thousand dollars in twenty minutes.

Now, in this case, the odds against that combination continuing long enough to injure them were no doubt easy of calculation, and it would not have required a prophet to foretell in how many spins, on an average, they were certain to be confronted by it. There would be times, of course, when it would not be met with during double or treble this number of spins, and it was probably chosen because it actually had been absent during the trials made at home. The mistake made was that of supposing that a Roulette board or (in the case of Trente et Quarante) a pack of cards has a fundamental objection to any possible combination or pattern tak-

ing place as often as—according to the odds against it—it is *due*. There is, however, nothing more certain than this, that at games of chance all the proper averages will work out, and be duly maintained in the long run. But one hears more of the winners than of the losers at Monte Carlo. People are not fond of proclaiming that the pet system has broken down, whereas it is pleasant to speak of a success.

A large sum was won years ago by a small company of players in the following manner: An ingenious mechanic having come to the conclusion that it was impossible to maintain a cylinder in such perfect working order that it should not tend a little to one side or another, and thus favor certain numbers more than others, haunted the rooms for months, and was rewarded by finding that his conclusions were right, and that certain numbers, at certain tables, appeared in the registers he kept, with undue frequency. These numbers the members of his company set to work to back, and with such success that they had won very largely indeed before the proprietors discovered their secret. It is said that after a quarrel amongst themselves, one of the party gave information as to their mode of procedure; but, be this as it may, the cylinder of every Roulette board is now removed and tested after each day's play, and no more money is to be made in the manner described.

The luck of players for a time is sometimes overwhelming. It would be a mistake to call it extraordinary, for it is merely a matter of averages being worked out. An average can only be maintained in one of two ways—by perfect regularity, or by clustering. As games of chance are not remarkable for regularity, clustering must inevitably take place. For instance, there are thirty-seven numbers including the zero; take any number you please, and you will find that in any large number of spins it will appear once in thirty-seven spins, not every thirty-seventh spin, however; it does not appear with regularity, but at times shows itself with undue frequency, at others refuses to appear at all. This is just the case with players. A player will win on a number once in thirty-seven times, taking the whole year through; but he will do this by having quite a cluster of losses at times,

and by being unable to touch a winning number at others.

The great mistake made by the majority of players is that of supposing, or, by their mode of playing, appearing to suppose, that because they have been exceedingly lucky for a time, that luck is likely to continue. A lady, on one occasion, walked up to the table as the ball was spinning, and threw down a note, telling the croupier to put "all that was possible" on thirty-two. The croupier had just time to call out "*Ça va, madame*," when the ball rolled into 32, and she won a maximum. As she was gathering up her notes and gold, and whilst the ball was again spinning, she threw another note on 17. She had hardly done so before that number made its appearance—another maximum! That same evening at a different table she placed six louis on 32, and won (two hundred and ten louis)! and the next morning she won another very large stake on that number again. *But* she did not appear to understand that such luck was uncommon, or that the betting was, after all, thirty-six to one against her; for she went on persistently for several days backing 32, whilst that number as persistently refused to appear! and that is how she got rid of *her* winnings!

Before the tables had been banished from Germany a student from Frankfort, who had just received a parental visit, and a tip for one thousand francs, rushed over to Homberg as soon as his fond parent had left him and hurried to the tables. He was very lucky, and before dinner had won a considerable sum. Encouraged by the best of dinners and plenty of champagne, he returned to the attack, and before eleven o'clock had won no less than fifty thousand dollars; but the proprietor, aware of what was going on, and knowing that such luck was unlikely to last, engaged a special train back to Frankfort, and just before eleven informed the players that the tables that night would remain open till twelve. Before that time, the tide turned, and the student lost all that he had won, which was no doubt a very good thing for him, if he could only have

looked at it in the proper light.

Now if he had been playing on even chances, and won largely on the *Red*, he would not in all probability have insisted on continuing to back that color *after Black* had begun to assert itself, because he would have known that the latter color was as likely to win as the former, and had, so to speak, arrears to make up; and yet after being enormously successful at first, he continued to back *himself* after luck had departed, quite forgetting that a player loses, in the long run, as often as he wins, and that *he* had arrears of losses to make up.

To the lookers-on, it is easy to see when the moment arrives for a player who has had extraordinary success to button up his pockets and go; but the player himself too often fails to perceive what is so apparent to the rest. This induced M. Blanc to remark that, "If players only knew when to leave them, the tables would soon have to be closed."

There are instances, of course, of a successful player carrying his money safely away. An officer who had taken out four thousand dollars lost it almost all, and determined to leave; he paid his bill at the hotel, packed up his things, and took his ticket. He had two hours to spare, and a few louis in his pocket; so he went back to the tables. He left the room with four thousand five hundred dollars, *and caught his train!*

At Roulette, enormous sums *may* be won in a very short time, even if the player has hardly any capital to start with. It is possible, for instance, for a single five-franc piece to produce six thousand four hundred and seventy-five francs in two spins; for if it be placed on a winning number, the player receives one hundred and seventy-five francs, and if that sum, together with the original five-franc piece, be placed on a number, and the player is again successful, he receives six thousand three hundred more, making in all the sum mentioned. The betting is only one thousand three hundred and thirty-two to one against him!

CHARLES SUMNER.—I.

RECOLLECTIONS BY ARNOLD BURGESS JOHNSON.

MR. SUMNER stood six feet two inches high without his shoes, and he was so well built that his height was only noticeable when he was near a person of ordinary size. But there was a manner about him, a free swing of the arm, a stride, a pose of his shaggy head, a sway of his broad shoulders, that gave to those who knew him best the idea that he was of heroic size. Then, too, there was something in the intent look of his deep-set eye, his corrugated brow, the frown born of intense thought, and his large head, made to seem yet larger by its crown of thick, heavy, longish gray hair, all of which gave the idea of physical greatness; but with his frequent smile the set frown passed, his whole appearance changed, and his face beamed like a dark lantern suddenly lighted. His smile effected a wonderful transformation in his whole appearance, and it set up a peculiar sympathy between himself and its recipient.

For one of his sedentary habits, he had extraordinary strength, and yet he was not an athlete. While in Washington his only exercise was walking, and as he believed that it was the pace rather than the distance which tells, when opportunity offered he would go at a rate that amazed beholders. Some persons attempting to join and keep up with him only succeeded by taking an occasional hop, skip, and jump, such as children practice when walking with their parents. Up to the time of his injuries he walked much in Washington, for, as he said, he could outwalk omnibuses, and give them long odds.

He was hardly aware of his enormous strength, it was so seldom called into exercise. His books were packed in large boxes at the end of each session and sent from his rooms to the Capitol, only to be returned at the beginning of the next session. These boxes weighed nearly five hundred pounds each, and were difficult to handle in passages and stairways, and so were accompanied by four men. Once when he was living at the Rev. Dr. Sampson's, one of these heavy boxes got stuck in the stairway. It could be

extricated without damage to the walls only by lifting it over the banister. The four men failed to apply their strength to the most advantage, for they got in each other's way, and thus failed to move the box. The Senator, hatted and gloved, ready to go out, came to the stairs.

"Why don't you lift it over the rail?" said he.

"How can we?" answered one. "You have no idea of its weight."

"Let me try," said the Senator, and leaning over the rail he seized the rope becket at the end of the box and lifted the latter clear of its entanglements by one sure pull, splitting his glove, however, across the back. The men were amazed; and he, a little embarrassed, said, "I didn't mean to lift it, only to try its weight;" and then went back for fresh gloves.

When he lived at Mr. Cammack's on F Street, the adjoining frame building caught fire, and after a time there was danger to the house where he lived and kept his books and papers. He came to the front door in dressing-gown and slippers, and watched the efforts of the firemen. The hook and ladder company were trying to fix a huge hook at the end of a heavy pole into the shanty to pull down the structure. Three times they thrust this heavy spar into the flames without result.

"Why don't you hook on to that beam?" asked the Senator.

"I'd like to see you do it," was the retort.

"Here, give me your stick," he cried, and placing the spar on his shoulder, he thrust it so vigorously and with so good an aim that the hook caught in the kingbeam, the firemen tailed on to the hauling line, and in an instant the whole structure was leveled to the ground, and the fire was soon extinguished. The Senator meantime was stepping around, daintily on the toes of his slippers, to save his feet from the wet, holding the skirts of his long dressing-gown as a lady might her train, assuring himself that the work was well done. The firemen gave him three cheers, and it was even proposed

to make him an honorary member of their organization.

When, in the spring of '56, Brooks assaulted Sumner, the Senator was sitting at his desk in the Senate with his eyes quite near the letter, or whatever he was writing, and his knees well under the desk. The heavy oak chair in which he sat was so placed that he could not readily extricate himself. The four legs of the desk were fastened to the floor by angle irons screwed both to the legs and to the hard-pine boards. Brooks approached him without being seen, and spoke and struck at the same instant. The Senator was partially stunned by the first blow, but dazed as he was, he sprang up at his antagonist with such force that he tore the desk from its fastenings, sending the chair far back from him. The force exerted was with the muscles of his loins and back. Could he have grappled with Brooks, there would have been no question as to the result, except that Keitt and Edmonston stood ready, as they said, to prevent interference. One effect of his injuries was that afterwards in walking he generally had to carry his hand at the small of his back, and at times he leaned heavily on his thick cane.

His digestion was good up to the last. Before his injuries he used to pride himself on this; nothing hurt him. He always breakfasted quite lightly and never took lunch. After he became an invalid, he learned his limitations and respected them. But before, while he lived plainly as a rule, the late and heavy dinners that he attended, as he used to say, "in his official capacity," never troubled him. He had a child-like love for sweets, and often bought chocolate creams, and the like. Indeed, I rather came to look for the share he often poured on my desk from a paper cone of confectionery purchased on his way home from the Senate. He seemed somewhat sensitive as to this taste, if one might judge from the pains he sometimes took to defend it. He hoped he would never outgrow his sweet tooth, for so long as it remained he was sure of his digestion.

But this was his only dissipation. He did not smoke—not that he couldn't, but rather that he wouldn't. Still, when he gave or was present at dinners, and cigars came on with the wine after the removal of

the cloth, he would light up with the others rather than to be a spoil-sport, but I doubt if he ever smoked a whole cigar. Nobody smoked in his rooms except Governor Seward. While he was Secretary of State he would often drop into Sumner's quarters, and he seemed unable to talk at his ease without the aid of the weed. If he didn't happen to have a cigar in his pocket, he would hunt on the mantel for one, and move around in an absent-minded way until the Senator, who knew that I smoked, would ask if I hadn't a cigar for the Secretary. Indeed, Mr. Seward would sometimes open my desk to find one, and as the quality of my cigars suited my pocket rather than my taste, the Senator once asked if I had no better to offer, when Mr. Seward said that he was anxious for quantity rather than quality; and again when I feared he would find a cigar he had taken from my desk rather poor, he amused the Senator by saying that no cigars were bad, but all were good, some were better, and a few were best.

While Sumner had a critical taste in wines, he took wine only at meals, and then in moderation. He didn't know spirits by their taste. Once when he found that one of his clerks had a flask of whisky in his valise, provided for the journey on which he was about to start, he asked a morsel as a curiosity, and after choking himself with a swallow taken neat, said it was the first time he had ever tasted whisky, and he rather thought it would be the last. On hearing that Bayard Taylor measured a man's capacity for continuous literary work by his ability for continuous smoking, Sumner replied that he fancied that what was actually meant was, that a good stomach was the real requisite, as much smoking could not be done without injury except by those who could eat heartily and digest well. But Sumner prided himself upon his ability to eat well with no such aid to digestion. While he tolerated smoking, he abominated chewing, and would not permit the presence of a cuspidor in his house—much to the disgruntlement of some statesmen who familiarly visited him; and he spoke with disgust of the conduct of one of our Virginia ministers to the Court of St. Cloud, who had to deposit a quid of tobacco in one of the great vases at the Tuileries when about to be presented to the Emperor, and the unsa-



CHARLES SUMNER'S STUDY.  
*Copied by permission from Frank Leslie's Weekly.*



vory remembrances in which he was held among the diplomats at that Court in consequence.

It should go without saying that Charles Sumner was never guilty of profanity. Yet he was tolerant of those of his associates who, like Senator Wade, when righteously indignant, would drop with great vigor into the vernacular of his early days. Once when the Senator from Ohio had made the air sulphurous and lurid with his picturesque profanity over a peculiarly exasperating and disastrous performance in negrophobia of one of our generals, a milk-and-water sort of person who sneered, in his absence, at old Ben's language, was checked by Sumner's stare, and by his saying :

"Could you have given a better expression of our opinion?"

"But the oaths," was the reply.

"Still if it had to be done," said the Senator, "you will admit that it was well done."

"But the oaths," reiterated the dilettante.

"Ah," said Sumner, "they are of the kind that my Uncle Toby said the Recording Angel will blot out with a tear." And then he added reflectively: "But in old Ben's case it will be rather hard on the lachrymal glands."

In philosophizing on the matter, the Senator admitted that in all countries and in all ages mankind seemed to feel the need of expletives. The classics were full of instances. But he drew the line at "the devil," as did another, who intensified his exclamation by multiplication, as "ten devils, fifty devils," or under peculiar stress, "a million devils." The Senator abhorred swearing in the abstract as "neither brave, polite, nor wise."

It was a maxim with him to say nothing but good of the absent and dead. Not that he would fail to criticise men as well as measures, but he was an absolute enemy to scandal and gossip; and he would often go to the verge of indorsement in defending the absent.

"But, Senator," a friend once said, when thus put on the defensive, "I've heard you say as much to his face."

"To his face, yes!" was the reply.

Sometimes, when others in his presence would fall into a gossiping vein, he opposed the protest of absolute silence to the tone the talk had taken. It was curious to note the

wet-blanket effect his attitude would have on the conversation. He would not change the subject; he simply stared at the speaker and left him to say the next word.

His capacity for silence was often his defense. While he was a favorite among the newspaper men, giving them "points" on being questioned and often voluntarily, they could get nothing from him he did not choose to give. His answer would often be, "I can't speak of that;" and if the questioner persevered, he got no answer. Remarks, conjectures, statements of what others said on the subject, were all treated in the same way, so that nothing could be inferred from his silence. And if the speaker persisted, the Senator fixed him with his stony stare, and only spoke again when the subject was entirely changed. He often terminated an interview by opposing silence to loquacity.

He was absolutely of a clean, pure mind. Emerson said, "He has the whitest soul I ever knew." So far as I am aware, no one ventured to tell a *risqué* story in his presence. It is said of him that at a dinner table he quenched a *raconteur* who began something by saying, "I will venture to tell you a good story, as there are no ladies present," by saying "But, sir, there are gentlemen present."

Besides Greek and Latin, the Senator read German, Spanish, Italian, and French, not counting Romaine, as he held that to be simply modern Greek.

He spoke French fluently, so well in fact that many of his foreign visitors preferred to talk with him in that language. The various members of the diplomatic corps used to frequent his rooms not only for social but for business purposes, as, next to the Secretary of State, he was, as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, the representative, at least to them, of this country. As a rule, when one of them entered his library, the Senator welcomed him in his own language, but as a phrase or two of compliment would exhaust his vocabulary of the Russian or Scandinavian tongues, the talk would lapse into French, the language of diplomacy, which the Senator's private secretary, who was often at work in the room, was not supposed to understand. German, Italian, and Spanish he read with ease, but he spoke and understood them with more or

less difficulty. He could write and speak in French almost as readily as in English.

Italian he had studied while at Rome, where he worked faithfully, often twelve hours daily, mastering the tongue and reading its historians and poets. There he roamed about the Vatican and the palaces of the Eternal City with the sculptor Crawford as his guide. He spent days among the monasteries of Northern Italy, browsing among the illuminated missals and old MSS. of the fathers. Many a time the monks were astonished at his familiarity with the treasures of their libraries, some of which they hardly knew existed. The good bishop who, in Rome, tried to convert him to the true faith, assured him that if he would only read the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas he would surely yield him his assent, was somewhat amazed when the Senator replied that he had read in the original every word "the Angelic Doctor" had written, and that he had become Catholic enough to admit that the great intellect of the saintly father had thoroughly impressed itself on the theological literature of his age.

Senator Sumner had gathered many rare and valuable books, not merely Elzevirs and Aldines, but highly illuminated missals, Books of Hours with beautiful illustrations in colors, on vellum, coming down from the Middle Ages; MSS. in heavy carved oak covers, with the chains still hanging to them by which they have been attached to

reading-desks in the times when the title-papers of an estate were left as security for the return of a borrowed MSS; and old maps made in the time of Christopher Columbus, on which new continents were postulated. Among these rarities, interesting to visitors, was Bunyan's Bible, the one he had with him in prison while writing the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is bound in old calf, and is rebaked with brass corners, center pieces, and bands down the back, and has the old dreamer's autograph on the title-page of the New Testament. A portrait of Bunyan is also inserted, together with a wood-cut showing the cottage in which the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written.

There, too, was the Album Amicorum of Camillus Cardoyn, a Neapolitan nobleman, who, from 1608 to 1640, lived in Geneva. In it he had been accustomed to ask those who had partaken of his hospitality to inscribe a signed sentiment. As Geneva was on the direct route to Italy, many of the noted Englishmen making the grand tour stopped at this great house and left evidences of their visits in this volume. Among the many is an inscription by Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford, and another by the author of "Paradise Lost." Milton wrote in this album two lines from his "Comus," and signed them Johannes Miltonius. The following is a fac-simile of the lines and signature:

— if Vertue feeble were  
Heaven it selfe would stoop to her.  
Cælum non animi muto. Lū trans mare  
curro  
Joannes Miltonius  
Anglus.  
Jan'y 10. 1639

AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN MILTON.

The pedigree of this prize made its authenticity incontestable. It is now at Harvard, with the rest of Sumner's literary treasures, and is described at length on pages four and five of Bulletin No. 6, issued by the Library of Harvard University, a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages, which gives a catalogue *raisonné* of such books and MSS. bequeathed by Sumner to the university "as have bibliographical or other curious interest."

One of the folios the Senator delighted in showing appreciative visitors was the *Summa de Articulis Fidei et Ecclesiae Sacramentis*. It was dated 1460 in the title, and was probably printed by Gutenberg himself. The volume was bound in green crushed levant, lined with red morocco richly gilt. It had come from the library of that great collector, the Marquis de Morante, and had been sold for five hundred francs. It is now to be seen in the Sumner Collection in the Harvard Library, where it is accompanied by the usual evidences of authenticity.

Though he had a platonic sort of love for music, he had little if any power of producing it. He often hummed harmonies, but never a tune. He sometimes whistled over his work, but no approach to a namable melody could be recognized. He often attended the Thomas Concerts or those of others who were actual masters in music. Certain of the grand operas would excite his enthusiasm; but Mozart seemed to have more power over him than others, and when "Don Giovanni" was sung in Baltimore, he would run over for the performance, if he could do so without neglecting a sitting of the Senate. Certain of his friends remember the surprised tone in which he asked if they actually preferred Meyerbeer to Mozart. But it was not that he valued others less, but Mozart more. This is shown by the pains he took to acquire the MSS. of other composers. He used to show to those whom he felt would value them the first and the last pieces of Bellini in autograph, duly certified as authentic. He also had a part of Haydn's opera of "Armida," the first score of which was in the author's own handwriting and a twenty-six page MS. of "*Solfèges à deux voix égales*," by Jean Jacques Rousseau, in autograph, on the last page of which were the initials of the author.

But his study, or work room, as he was wont to call it, was as rich in engravings as in books and manuscripts. It was a large room on the second floor, with three windows looking out on Vermont Avenue, one of the widest in that part of the city, perhaps the most beautiful in Washington. At one end was his own huge desk full of drawers and pigeon-holes, with its long, wide, flat top always cumbered with papers. At the other end was his clerk's desk. In the center of the room was another long, flat table. In corners were other tables of lesser size. And there, too, were a lounge and many chairs of different kinds. But all were loaded with books, letters, Congressional bills, documents, and manuscripts. To seat a guest, it was often necessary to empty a chair by dumping its contents on the floor.

He was systematic in his disorder, and could always find the paper or book he wanted, provided it had not been misplaced by another person. He even knew the stratum it occupied. Engravings covered the entire wall-space not taken by book-cases. They even hung on the door panels, and generally one or more leaned against a chair or table. The great reclining chair he used for reading stood by the center table with a swinging leaf attached for writing; but he sat more often at his desk in a revolving chair, from which he could reach the books he called his tools on the movable book-case which was ranged behind him. He was wont to say that the pictures on the walls of this room were suggestions and inspirations. There were six, around which, as around centers, other pictures hung as if to define or illustrate them.

Snyderhoeff's engraving of Terburg's painting of the "Second Treaty of Westphalia," or the Peace of Münster, hung in a prominent place. It shows the plenipotentiaries of Holland, Spain, and Austria uniting in the great treaty at the close of the Thirty Years' War which settled the future policy of the Catholics and the Protestants and constituted an epoch in the laws of nations. It represents the actual moment of the oath, and it gives the portraits of the people in the dress of the seventeenth century; the dress of each person is the dress worn by the people of his own country. The adherents of one faith swear with the three uplifted fingers, and those of the other bow the head and swear

on the book. Over the picture of the treaty hung that of the cathedral, and around it the portraits of several of the greatest of the people of that age, and pictures of the times, such as that of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" and the old engraving entitled "*Misères de la Guerre*," after Tennier.

Over the Senator's desk hung Godefroy's engraving of "The Congress of Vienna," showing the room in the Schönbrunn Palace where, in 1815, Napoleon was placed under the ban of the Empire. Every face is a portrait, and every portrait is of a man famous in war, diplomacy, or both. Nesselrode speaks with Wellington, Metternich points to the full-length portrait of Maria Theresa, and through the open door is seen the bust of Kaunitz, the Bismarck of his time. This picture of the "Treaty of Vienna" is surrounded by pictures of various buildings, and is surmounted by that of the cathedral, all illustrating the architecture of the time, and on either side were pictures of Grotius and his wife.

Blanchard's engraving of Dubufe's painting of the "Congress of Paris" hung over the mantel. There and then the map of Europe was remade after the fall of Sebastopol, and there and then was decreed the neutrality of the Black Sea. Then for the first time in history the Turk sat in solemn council with the Christian. Cavour, who had united into one the several countries of Italy, the Russians Gortschakoff and Orloff, the wily Palmerston, with Clarendon, Walewski and Morny for France, appear in this picture, all in full costume, all in action, all with face and expression well given.

Perhaps one reason why Sumner took pains to procure an early copy of the engraving of the "Treaty of Paris" was his admiration for Cavour, who has such a prominent place in the picture. The Senator had met the great Italian when abroad seeking health in 1859, and he writes of him and the then perilous condition of affairs in one of the few letters I received from him during that absence, in such terms that an extract from it in the Senator's handwriting is subjoined.

There also were Jazet's engraving of Trumbull's painting of our own "Declaration of Independence." Near it hung Hall's engraving of West's painting of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians." Here also was

Jazet's engraving of David's painting of the "*Jue de Paumme*," or the oath in the Tennis Court of 1789 at Versailles. And there were in other spaces other pictures of like value and like nature. No wonder the astute Turkish minister, who had represented the Porte at most of the courts of Europe, declared that, to enjoy an hour in the *cabinet de travail* of the Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Affairs, he must be thoroughly versed in the history of European as well as American diplomacy.

When the Republican Party came into power in 1861, Mr. Sumner became Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, a position for which he was well fitted by his knowledge of the language, the history, and the literature of diplomacy, and by his personal acquaintance with many of those who controlled the affairs of state in other countries. As Chairman of the Committee he was entitled to name the clerk, who was expected to act also as his private secretary, for as chairman he had the larger part of the committee work to do himself.

There were many applicants for the clerkship, but the one whom the Senator felt most inclined to select was Major Ben: Perley Poore, the author and journalist, who was quite familiar with the French language, and having spent some time abroad, was well able to perform the duties of the position; but before giving the Major the place he took means to assure himself that the applicant would not be objectionable to the other members of the committee, and Senators Breckinridge and Douglas were specially consulted in the matter. This consideration toward those who were politically in the minority was noticeable; and it was especially so in Sumner, whose views in most matters, while he was in the minority, were entirely ignored. But Sumner took the line of quiet courtesy toward all members of his committee, and while he enforced parliamentary usage in session, treated all alike, and worked each member in committee matters to the extent of his ability. One of the first things he did was not only to expel the demijohns, bottles, and cigar-boxes kept in the committee room, but also to turn out the piece of furniture that served as a sideboard, and to replace it with an additional work table, and quietly to give it to be understood that the

Turin - 16<sup>th</sup> Aug '59. I close  
 this little letter (all my letters  
 are brief) on the very edge of  
 the great hostilities now pen-  
 sive, & after just returning  
 from an interview with the Com-  
 de Cambré, the Prime Minister  
 of Sardinia, whose counsel have  
 brought Italy to the present con-  
 test. I was struck by his  
 calmness, & the good life which  
 he possessed. The city too is  
 calm & quiet - much more  
 so than a week or two - al-  
 though the enemy are within a  
 few hours march. - As for my-  
 health, I am sure that nothing is  
 less taken a new start. But it  
 is only by slow steps that I can hope  
 to regain all that I lost. Next  
 autumn I trust to be able to  
 say I am restored. Already I can walk -  
 but not much without fatigue.

Ever yr

C.S.



committee room could only be used as a working room by its members—truly a new order of things.

Major Poore fully justified the Senator's faith in him, making a model clerk both to the Committee and the Chairman, and winning golden opinions from all; but when he was ill in Georgetown, Sumner was the only one of all the Committee who cheered him by his personal presence. In those days there were no horse cars, and each trip took two hours of his time. Major Poore, after some years of service with Mr. Sumner, was promoted to a more lucrative position, but his relations with the Senator, though strained at times, were always those of warm friendship. He was the first it occurred to me to send for when the Senator lay dying.\*

Perhaps something of the Senator's kindness of heart may be well shown by his treatment of his succeeding clerks when they were ill. One of them was suffering from an attack of fever and ague. He occupied a room in the Senator's house. The shakes were followed by a fever that had drenched the poor fellow in perspiration and left him exhausted. He had no knowledge of the peculiar nature of the disease, and thought himself very ill; but the Senator, who had seen him from time to time, pooh-poohed the idea, and urged him to rise, dress, and dine with him when he would meet some pleasant people. He tried to rise, but was too weak. The Senator said he would soon put strength into him, and bringing a bottle of rare old Burgundy and a goblet of cracked ice, filled the glass; then raising the poor fellow's head on his knee, he held the glass while the clerk drank the contents. Its effect was magical; it was a draft upon his latent strength, and he was enabled to appear at dinner and play his part well with his knife and fork, and to assist really in entertaining the guests present.

Afterward, another of his clerks was temporarily ill, but so much so that he was forced to keep his bed. He had brought his wife and child with him, and they were living in such rooms as it was possible to obtain in Washington during the war. While they answered their purpose, they were not exactly fitted for the reception of visitors.

\* And he himself has passed away since the foregoing was written.

One day the lady was surprised and embarrassed by finding the Senator at her door, smilingly demanding to see his sick friend. The clerk got well rapidly, and was soon able to attend to his business again, and he felt that the call was made in all kindness and sympathy.

At one time his private secretary became quite ill and remained so for some weeks. The Senator kept himself well informed as to his condition, and when he began to get better, arranged for him a long trip into health-giving regions; and finding that financial reasons precluded the taking of the prescribed journey, he sent him a check as an advance payment for future services. The invalid was as much encouraged by the Senator's evident belief that he would certainly be able to resume his functions as by the trip itself; at any rate, between the two he recovered his strength, and his family attributed his recovery largely to the Senator's kindness.

He not only visited the sick, but those also who were in prison. The New Bedford schooner called the "Pearl," sailed for the North in 1848 from Washington with seventy-six escaping slaves on board. She was pursued and brought back, the slaves were sent to their owners, and the captain, Mr. Drayton, with the mate, Mr. Sayres, were imprisoned in the Washington City jail for having the negroes on board of their vessel. Mr. Sumner often visited these poor men, and he also did what he could for their comfort. He often visited Messrs. White and Ramsdell,\* of the New York *Tribune*, who were imprisoned on the order of the Senate for having obtained and published in their paper a treaty with England, known as the Washington Treaty, which was still under consideration in Executive session. He paid numerous visits to Thaddeus Hyatt, who was imprisoned for months in the Washington jail for refusing to answer the questions of the Committee of which Jefferson Davis, then a Senator, was chairman, relative to John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry. He often visited others who also in his opinion were improperly incarcerated. He had little time for mere social calls; and the time came finally when his own strength left him to such an extent that he availed

\* Homer J. Ramsdell died in Washington since this paper was written.

himself of the privilege of the oldest member of the Senate—*Pater Senatus* he was called—and he seldom returned a call, and hardly made one except from time to time upon a sick friend, or when the exigencies of etiquette made it extremely necessary.

Speaking of Drayton and Sayres recalls Mr. Sumner's energetic and successful efforts in their behalf. They had been held under no less than one hundred and fifteen indictments. Despite the efforts of Horace Mann, then a Representative from Massachusetts, who defended them in court, they had received the extreme penalty of the law, and had been sentenced to what was practically imprisonment for life. Though they were objects of much sympathy at the North, they received no mercy at the hands of their jailors. Mr. Sumner gave their case the benefit of his practical mind. He did not further inflame local public opinion against them by the presentation to Congress of the petition signed by the leading Abolitionists of the North, including Wendell Phillips, which was sent him for that purpose; but he appealed to President Fillmore to pardon them, and laid before him at his request (the President having asked for more light on the subject) such a paper on the President's power in the matter that Attorney-General Crittenden, to whom it was referred, gave an opinion affirming the power of the President, adding, however, "Whether the power shall be exercised is another and very different question."

This opinion was dated August 4, 1852, and shortly after the pardon was granted. Drayton and Sayres had then remained in prison—and oh, what a prison!—more than four years, and there was reason to believe that an attempt would be made to re-arrest them on warrants issued by the Governor of Virginia. In fact, Sumner had received information that the Marshal of the District of Columbia would be served with warrants for them as soon as they were released from his custody. The then marshal, Dick Wallach, as he was familiarly called, an old Whig, with a big heart, while he was in full sympathy with slaveholders, was without sympathy for slave-drivers. He thought these men had been sufficiently punished, and he did not propose to lend himself to their further persecution. In some way he and Sumner came to an

understanding upon the subject, and the result was, that when the prisoners were released, they were furnished with clothing which, while not a disguise, certainly would not betray them; and it was arranged that they should be provided with a carriage which was to take them to a station outside the city where they could board the train. While they were waiting for the carriage, word came, as is now believed, from Marshal Wallach himself, that the stratagem had been discovered and that officers with warrants were on the watch to apprehend them at Bladensburg, where they were to take the cars. Thereupon the Senator took steps to procure a hack which should take them all the way to Baltimore, about forty miles, and he found a man, now a well-known wealthy citizen of Washington, then a young struggling clerk of the *National Era* newspaper, who mounted the hack with the driver, ostensibly to show him the way, but really to keep him in it, which he did, but not without the help of a revolver, and these men were taken at the Senator's expense to Baltimore and shipped by different railroads to their eastern homes, which they ultimately reached in safety.

Dr. Holland, in summing up Sumner's character in an article evidently intended to be appreciative and friendly, wrote: "He was arrogant, dictatorial, imperious. . . . The North had been browbeaten by a band of accustomed legislators, who understood the use of arrogance. To this Mr. Sumner had the privilege and power to oppose a nature and temper so wonderfully self-assured and self-sufficient that no headway could be made against him." This may have been true at times and in places. While he was in a hopeless minority, he had been habituated to think and decide for himself. He had known nothing of the difficulty of determining between the right and the expedient. During his early days in the Senate the expedient to him was seldom right. When his party came into power, what was at first a custom had become a habit. He carefully thought out his course, then announced it, and then followed it without consultation, and without reference to his party. His party—why, for many years, he himself was his party and for that matter he still was. If he was a leader, it was because others fol-

lowed. If his following was large, he was glad that so many were convinced of the right; if small, he was sad accordingly; but he still went straight on.

That the Republican Party preferred the expedient did not change his position. His constant attitude was that he was right, and that those who disagreed with him were wrong. He would argue to convince so long as the question was, as to whether his course was or was not right, but when the abstract question was granted, and the question of policy was raised, he would rage like a wounded lion, and he seemed to consider that he had received a personal insult. "What! palter with conscience, with the right; do you appreciate the infamy of what you propose?" he has said. "But," would be the reply, "I propose to you nothing but postponement. This is not the time for such action, it would be inexpedient now." And he would break in, "If it is right to do it, it is wrong to refrain from doing it," or "It is always expedient to do right;" or "I have never habituated myself to consider the safety of right-doing." I have heard him reply to party leaders in a tone that would make my blood chill; it seemed to me as if it must sever their personal relations; it was a tone that was positively painful to hear; but they knew him so well that they did not let it affect them.

Then, too, he had a way of treating congressmen, his familiar friends, with a seeming lack of common courtesy when they would break in on him as he was working against time. He would eliminate from the conversation all the time-wasting conventionalities, but would answer their questions with great cordiality of manner; still he would at times let them go without greeting or farewell. But to others, often strangers, he was all courtesy, kindness, and consideration, often at the expense of valuable time. He would deny himself to no one, holding that a public man should always be accessible to the public. He would admit people up to two o'clock in the morning, or as long as he was out of bed; but he made many who came to him idly feel that they had not done well to come at all.

He has been styled impracticable, and this has been a source of complaint against him

by party managers. His party ties sat loosely upon him, and it has been said that he was often more hinderance than help to mere politicians. But the fact is, that he was a law unto himself, and would not accept of dictation from others. He would ransack all the authorities in every accessible language. He would consult, and consult, and consult anybody and everybody, however high or low, whom he thought could throw any light on the subject he was studying. He weighed conflicting testimony with anxious care, often tabulating it in parallel columns and striking out what could be eliminated, till he could almost illustrate his ideas by diagram. But when he had thus slowly worked out his position, and had taken it, he could not be moved. He was adamant. But he was never an irrational enthusiast. While he was constantly dominated by his high moral sentiment, he was never a mere idealist. He had a hearty contempt for subordinating great principles to supposed party exigencies, but he always took into account what was wise, timely, and practicable. He was a statesman rather than a politician, and yet few equaled him in the sphere of high politics.

And withal Sumner was eminently practical. By many he has not been so considered. But that is mainly because he put the success of his principles before personal success. He was content to suggest a measure and leave to others its formulation. It was his custom to advance his standard at the beginning of a session by offering a series of resolutions, proposing measures so far in the advance of public opinion that they sometimes appeared chimerical. Frequently the session would pass without reference to one of them. But he was content to let them take time, as he once said, to soak into the public mind. And if some one else would present his thought in different shape, he would never invite opposition to it by claiming it as his own, especially when he was in the minority. He was not persistent as to details. He did not adhere to the maxim that half a loaf is better than no bread, but rather to that other saying, that it is the first step that costs, and especially to the idea that revolutions never go backward.

"A DOOR MUST BE EITHER OPEN OR SHUT."

A DRAWING-ROOM COMEDY.

BY BERR DE TURIQUE.

CHARACTERS:

MONSIEUR AND MADAME.

[*Monsieur is about twenty-eight, and Madame twenty. Monsieur may be light or dark, tall or short, ugly or handsome, at the discretion of the reader. It is stipulated, however, that he must have an agreeable smile, a stylish appearance, and an easy manner that invites confidence and sympathy. Madame may also be either blonde or brunette, tall or short, but she must be pretty. The drawing-room where the action takes place may be furnished in any style the reader pleases, or in no style at all, but must be provided with at least two chairs. Between the chairs there must be a table of violet-ebony, or mahogany, or plain wood, and upon which a copy of the "Proverbs" of Alfred de Musset must be seen lying.*]

MONSIEUR (*entering in ball costume*). Eleven o'clock! I am certain Emma is not dressed yet. Dress—that overpowering, everlasting subject of a woman's meditations. (*Knocks at the door of his wife's room.*) Are you ready yet, my dear? (*Listens.*) No? not yet? Well! make haste. It has just struck eleven, and at twelve you know the Minister always retires to his private apartments and leaves his attachés to receive the guests who come after that hour. Now I must shake hands with him, and besides, I want especially to present you to him. (*Turns the door-knob.*) You don't want me to come in? Why not? (*Listens.*) You want to surprise me? How nice! I like to be surprised. I am sure you must look charming in a ball dress. (*Listens.*) You are sure of it? Well! so much the better. (*After a pause.*) You have no idea, Emma, how excited I am. (*Listens.*) Why? you want to know why? Because I am about to take you to your first ball. We have now been married six months, and this is the first ball we have attended together. (*Listens.*) You say that you are not excited? Well! it's quite natural that you should not

be. All through life men and women look at the same things from different points of view, and I dare say—(*Listens.*) You wish I wouldn't talk so much? (*Listens again.*) My chatter disconcerts your maid, who is sticking pins in your shoulders instead of your corsage. Poor corsage—no, pardon, I mean poor shoulders! (*Listens.*) You wish I would go sit down? Well! I'll go, but don't keep me waiting long. (*He looks through the key-hole.*) I am looking through the key-hole. Don't do it? Oh! I didn't see anything. Justine was in the way. (*He sits down.*) It will take her a good half-hour yet, and meantime I can amuse myself as best I may. Oh, women! Oh, gowns! Oh, pins! Oh, hair-dressers! Oh, the tediousness of waiting! There is nothing like the preparations for a ball to put one out of humor. If I did not deem it necessary to be seen at this reception of the Minister's—if it were not imperative that I should not allow him to forget me—I would stay quietly at home with Emma.

MADAME (*entering in a dress cut very low, with curls on her forehead, and a smile on her lips*). Here I am! Now, sir, look at me, contemplate me. Are you not proud of your wife? Didn't I say I was going to surprise you?

MONSIEUR (*rises and is going toward Madame, but stops short in the utmost astonishment*). Why, you are outrageously décolletée. It's simply shocking.

MADAME. Shocking? I don't think so.

MONSIEUR. But you're not dressed.

MADAME. I am overdressed.

MONSIEUR. Is it the fashion to expose yourself like that?

MADAME. My dress is not cut any lower than all the other dresses. I don't know what you mean. Perhaps you've never been to a ball.

MONSIEUR. How absurd! Yes, madame, I have been, and frequently. You don't seem to remember that the first time I met

you was at a ball ; and you were not so generous in exhibiting your charms then.

MADAME. No, monsieur. I was not so *décolletée*, that is true, since I was then a young girl, and young girls do not dress like married women. If you talk that way, perhaps I had better remove the diamonds from my ears. I had only two little pearl clusters before I met you.

MONSIEUR. Let your ears alone.

MADAME. Do you think I propose throwing them in your face?

MONSIEUR. Oh ! if you are going to be witty.

MADAME. Then I had better conceal everything—my wit as well as my shoulders.

MONSIEUR. A truce to jesting. I assure you, my dear, that your dress is cut too low.

MADAME. From what point of view?

MONSIEUR. From the point of view of your shoulders—and from the point of view—the point of—of—view—

MADAME. I have met many married women at balls, and I do not believe that I am dressed any differently from them. I am sure, in fact, that I am dressed precisely like them. Look at me and try to recollect what you have seen. A dress must be open in front.

MONSIEUR. Emma, do me a favor. Put on a different corsage.

MADAME. *Mon ami*, what you ask of me is impossible.

MONSIEUR. How so?

MADAME. Because I have no other that suits me as well as this one.

MONSIEUR. Well, then, put on one that doesn't suit you so well.

MADAME. Frédéric, I assure you you annoy me. And I was so glad to be able to go to the ball to show this very corsage, and I thought you'd think me charming.

MONSIEUR. Well, you were quite right. I do think you charming—too charming. That is precisely what frightens me.

MADAME. I kept saying to myself, "How he will admire it !"

MONSIEUR. I certainly do admire it, and the only criticism I make is, that there is not enough of it.

MADAME. But you can't persuade me that my dress-maker don't know her business. She makes gowns for Mme. de Fantillane and Mme. de Kampodas.

MONSIEUR. I won't deny it.

MADAME. Well, she said to me no longer ago than yesterday : "Madame, your corsage is just perfect."

MONSIEUR. Oh ! she told you so?

MADAME. "I have never succeeded better with a corsage. It hasn't a single fault. It's perfect. If anything, though, the 'cuirass' might be criticised a trifle."

MONSIEUR. "Cuirass !" What queer expressions your dress-maker uses.

MADAME. "That is the sloping down. If you would have allowed, Madame, I would have had the waist cut still lower."

MONSIEUR (*sarcastically*). Oh ! then you didn't allow her?

MADAME. No, and I see now that I was wrong. (*Looking at herself in a glass.*) I am not quite *décolletée* enough. Another "line" would have been about right. I am sure that Mme. de Fantillane will have at least four "lines" more, to say nothing about the "ruching ;" for I'm sure she won't have any "ruching."

MONSIEUR (*indifferently*). Possibly.

MADAME. As to Mme. de Kampodas, I won't say anything about her, she always exaggerates so. That, however, doesn't prevent her having the pick of all the good dancers.

MONSIEUR. I can quite believe that.

MADAME. During the six months that we have been married, you have had an opportunity to judge of me at your leisure. You know very well that I am not a coquette ; that I do not strive after the applause of the fashionable world, and that, above and beyond all, I do not seek to win it by eccentricity in dress. Rest assured, then, that if I had the slightest fear that my corsage would expose me to ridicule, I should not wear it.

MONSIEUR (*goes to Madame and takes her hand*). I implore you, Emma, change this dress.

MADAME. It's a persecution, then.

MONSIEUR. No, only a petition.

MADAME. Well ! I might have saved all the trouble I took in thinking about my dress three weeks beforehand. You talked of nothing but this ball. "I want people to admire you," you kept saying. "When I told the Minister that I was married," you said, "he seemed to think that I was too young ; I want to prove to him that if I married young, I had a good reason for it. Make



yourself very handsome." You added, "As handsome as possible." I obeyed you; I did all I could to show off my good looks, and now you are angry. Ah! *mon ami*, you are trying to pick a quarrel with me. I am afraid this corsage is only a pretext, and that behind it there is some other reason that I do not even suspect—a reason—a reason that—! Ah! *mon ami*, you vex me more than you can tell—more than you can tell! (*Madame drops into a chair and wipes her eyes with a lace handkerchief.*)

MONSIEUR (*kneeling before her and taking her hands*). Come, Emma.

MADAME (*greatly moved*). No, you must admit that I am not outrageously *décolletée*.

MONSIEUR (*somewhat penitent*). I admit it.

MADAME (*gradually becoming more affected*). You must admit, too, that it is not as "shocking" as you said it was.

MONSIEUR (*more and more penitent*). I admit it.

MADAME (*rising and suddenly recovering her equanimity*). Let us start, then.

MONSIEUR (*thunderstruck*). But—

MADAME. Since you admit that you were wrong, let us go; we are already very late.

MONSIEUR. Emma—

MADAME. What, again?

MONSIEUR (*approaching her and putting his arm around her waist*). I love you.

MADAME. I know it, but we are late and the Minister retires early.

MONSIEUR (*keeping his arm around her waist and following out his train of thought*). I love you, and when one loves, one is jealous.

MADAME. I don't understand.

MONSIEUR. Yes, I know very well that you are not outrageously *décolletée*—on the contrary; and that it is not as shocking as I said—quite otherwise. The simple truth is, I am—am jealous!

MADAME. You don't seem so.

MONSIEUR. Since our marriage we have lived in a seclusion that nothing has disturbed; no one has come between us. I adore you—Heaven alone knows how much! And if I am right in adoring you, Heaven alone knows why. Now, when we received the invitation for this ball, I confess that I had not thought much about it. I only reflected how pleasant it would be to show you to people, on my arm, like a miser who, proud of his hoard, in a moment of weakness,

permits himself to allow it to be seen. But this evening you appeared to me so much more charming, so much more beautiful, than usual, that the miser has recovered his senses, he fears lest his gold may tempt some robber, and—closes his strong-box!

MADAME. I don't understand.

MONSIEUR. Do you not understand that in the salons where I was about to present you for the first time, all eyes would be fixed upon you? Do you not understand that you would be ogled, discussed, judged, weighed in the balances of social opinion, gauged, and that all this frightens me? All the dancers, all the attachés of the embassy would stare at you, and, if you'll pardon the expression, pick you to pieces. To-morrow your name would go the rounds of Paris.

MADAME. Well?

MONSIEUR. I can imagine the talk of these budding diplomatists. "Did you see de Briol's wife at the ball yesterday?" "Yes." "What did you think of her?" "Oh! very chic!" "Did you notice her shoulders?" "A dream!" "And her arms?" "Wonderful!" "And her neck?" "Perfection!"

MADAME. You don't wish them to say that my shoulders are "a dream," my arms "wonderful," and my neck "perfection"?

MONSIEUR. No, I don't. Say that I am stupid, foolish, mad, if you will. Declare that my jealousy is puerile and my fears ridiculous, laugh and sneer at me if you like, but admit that if I offend it is through excess of love and—grant my request.

MADAME. Then you are afraid I shall be too highly complimented?

MONSIEUR. I am afraid they will think you too well dressed. If I am proud of being the husband of a woman who is acknowledged to be beautiful, I am afraid of being the husband of a woman who has the reputation of resorting to artifices to heighten her beauty. I deem your dress too extravagant, too eccentric. I wouldn't for the world have you spoken of as "a professional beauty," nor myself referred to as "the husband of the beautiful Madame So and So." On a young wife's first appearance in society and on the manner in which she conducts herself, depends the entire current of opinion that will be formed regarding her, and which can not subsequently be changed; besides, public opinion about women will sometimes be decided by so slight a thing as a dress buttoned

too high or a corsage cut too low. The matter is decided—no resource—no appeal! Madame is a coquette, and that ends it. In vain she worships her husband, shows herself to be one of the most modest of women. She is set down as a coquette, and will always be one in the public esteem, while Monsieur will always be—the husband of a coquette! The promotion that he may receive by dint of hard work and intelligence will be due to his wife in the opinion of the public, and he will not have the slightest success in life, nor ever turn up the king at *écarté*, without some one's whispering, "*Parbleu!* it's the husband of the beautiful Madame So and So." I entreat you, Emma, to change that corsage.

MADAME. You are a great baby, but I won't vex you. (*Goes out.*)

MONSIEUR. (*Alone.*) I may be wrong. Perhaps she was not too *décolletée*. The fact is, that if I had not been her husband, I would not have thought her too *décolletée*. Still, I fancied that the corsage was somewhat exaggerated, and exaggeration in that direction I ought not as a husband to tolerate. However charming my wife may be, I don't care to have her talked about. A wife's beauty is for her husband, and doesn't concern the public. At the same time, I don't want Emma to look like a fright, nor be less well-dressed than her neighbors. My wife is pretty, and though I don't care to hear people say, "How handsome she is!" neither do I care to hear them exclaim, "Oh! how plain." (*Sits down.*)

MADAME (*returning after having put on a dark gown not at all décolletée, and with her hair dressed plainly*). Does this suit you better?

MONSIEUR (*rising and going toward her, but suddenly stopping*). Why, you are not *décolletée* at all now!

MADAME. Of course not.

MONSIEUR. Your dress is buttoned up to the chin.

MADAME. Isn't that far enough, or must I hide the chin as well?

MONSIEUR. Now you are laughing at me.

MADAME. God forbid, *mon ami!* But what do you wish? I have not thirty-six corsages of different styles. You did not want my dress to be open, so I have put on one that is high in the neck.

MONSIEUR. But is there no middle course between the two extremes?

MADAME. No. Dresses are like doors—they must be either open or shut. When only ajar, people can see through, and they admit draughts. Since you are so much afraid that my shoulders, my arms, and my neck should become the subjects of not over-respectful remarks, I have taken care to put them out of sight.

MONSIEUR. In other words, you have replaced the jewel in its casket.

MADAME. Why, I did not think you could be so complimentary this evening.

MONSIEUR. But you are making yourself ridiculous.

MADAME. How so?

MONSIEUR. The idea of a young married woman not wearing a low-neck dress at a ball.

MADAME. They may think that I have very good reasons for not being *décolletée*; but what do you care about that? You know very well what inference will be drawn.

MONSIEUR (*impatently*). Oh! nonsense.

MADAME. It isn't nonsense at all. You are quite well aware how they will whisper and chatter and make ill-natured observations about my lack of physical attractions, which deficiency, they will say, compels me to wear high-neck dresses; but you will have the consolation of knowing that the dandy attachés will not burst forth in exclamations of admiration. No one will say: "Oh, a dream! oh, wonderful! oh, perfection!" They'll be more likely to exclaim: "Well! well!! well!!!" or rather, "That is amazing," or still more probably: "Poor man!" But of what importance are such trifling criticisms?

MONSIEUR. I assure you, Emma, that you can not go to the ball in this dress.

MADAME. Still I must go! and I have only two corsages. The one I put on first displeased you; so this one should, in consequence, be to your liking.

MONSIEUR. But—

MADAME. What do you care about people's criticisms? It's only compliments that you are afraid of.

MONSIEUR. Come, now, Emma—

MADAME. Remember what you said: "I am not afraid that they will compliment you too much, but that they will consider you too well dressed."

MONSIEUR (*greatly embarrassed*). But—

MADAME (*continuing in the same tone*). "If I am proud of being the husband of a woman who is acknowledged to be beautiful, I am afraid of being the husband of a woman who has the reputation of resorting to artifices to heighten her beauty." Make yourself easy; no one will ever imagine that I call in the aid of art to assist nature.

MONSIEUR. This is pure obstinacy.

MADAME. "I deem your dress too extravagant, too eccentric." You see the one I have on is neither extravagant nor eccentric.

MONSIEUR (*nervous himself to a desperate resolution*). Emma, put your other corsage on again.

MADAME. You don't mean it? Are you not afraid of my becoming known as "a professional beauty," and you yourself gaining the *sobriquet* of "the husband of the handsome Mme. So and So"? And the gossip that would not fail to be bandied about from lip to lip, and the circumstances in which you would be referred to as "the husband of a coquette"? Remember that then you could not obtain the slightest advancement in your profession as a government official, or take all the tricks at whist, without some one whispering behind her fan: "*Parbleu!* It's the husband of the beautiful Madame So and So!" On the other hand, dressed as I am now, no one would doubt but that I am almost deformed, and on the occurrence of each lucky event in your career the general opinion would be that, with such a wife, you were fairly entitled to all the gifts the gods might send you.

MONSIEUR (*furiously*). And they will add that I married you not because I loved you, but on account of your dowry.

MADAME. Ah! you admit it! And then see what an immense advantage. No one will trouble themselves to hang around me, as they do sometimes when young married women are passably good-looking. They will leave me quietly in my corner, and the general verdict will be: "A pleasing face—but better not go into particulars." But don't pity me. If I am not considered fit for a sculptor's model, I shall, by common consent, be endowed with all sorts of mental and moral good qualities.

MONSIEUR. Emma, I beg of you, put on your other dress. This one is frightful; it makes you look seventy years old.

MADAME (*with decision*). Impossible.

MONSIEUR (*still more decidedly*). Put on your other dress. I will have it. I insist on it.

MADAME (*feigning to be greatly moved*). You wish it? You insist on it? Oh! I understand! You propose objecting hereafter to everything I may happen to wear. You are trying your best to vex me. Ah! *mon ami*, I am very unhappy. (*Madame sinks into the same chair, and wipes her eyes with the same lace handkerchief as before.*)

MONSIEUR (*aside*). Here she is crying again. (*Falls on his knees before Madame and takes her hands.*)

MADAME (*apparently very much affected*). No, you must admit that my dress is not so frightful as you try to make out.

MONSIEUR (*penitent*). I admit it.

MADAME (*apparently becoming more and more affected*). You must admit, too, that it doesn't make me look as if I were seventy.

MONSIEUR (*still more penitent*). I admit it.

MADAME (*recovering her equanimity with wonderful celerity*). Well, then, let us start!

MONSIEUR (*dumbfounded*). But—

MADAME. Since for the second time you admit that you are altogether in the wrong, let us go. We are certainly late enough.

MONSIEUR (*who is quite hors de combat*). Still—

MADAME. We must make haste, for we are very late. You seem to forget that the Minister retires early. (*A clock is heard striking midnight.*)

MONSIEUR. You may add that at this very moment he is on the point of taking leave of his guests.

MADAME. Then we shall not see him.

MONSIEUR. Certainly not. And if you agree with me, since we have been disappointed in the object for which we were going—

MADAME. We had better remain at home, you are going to say.

MONSIEUR (*very tenderly*). Yes, I wish you would do me that favor.

MADAME. Would it please you?

MONSIEUR. I should be delighted! What an agreeable ending for an evening not begun in the pleasantest way imaginable. (*Aside.*) And the debate on the corsage question would stand adjourned.

MADAME. I yield to your request this

time, but you know that Mine. Kampodas gives a ball next week. I wish to have it understood that you now admit that I know how to dress myself in a becoming manner.

MONSIEUR. I admit it most unreservedly.

MADAME. Well! that is settled. I will

remind you of your admission later on. Meantime, go take off your dress-coat.

MONSIEUR. That is just what I was going to do, my dear. (*Goes to the door, returns to Madame, kisses her hands, and says, laughingly,*) Emma, take off that dress!

YO' MAM.

BY B. ZIM.

Yo' mammy, chil', w'en she laid down 'er knitt'n',  
In de cornde' obe' da' wuz a-humm'n' 'n a-sitt'n'—  
A-sitt'n' 'n a-knitt'n' 'n a-say'n'—  
'N she say: "Dese socks dey's a-gwine t' be wa'm; good 'n wa'm.  
De groun' et am col'  
'N you's grow'n' ole"—  
Sez yo' mam w'en she laid down 'er knitt'n'.

She jes' drap off jes' like she wuz a-think'n'  
'T wuz time t' shet 'er eyes 'n stop 'm a-blink'n'—  
A-sitt'n' 'n a-knitt'n' 'n a-say'n'—  
A-say'n': "Dese socks dey's a-gwine t' be wa'm; good 'n wa'm.  
De groun' et am col'  
'N you's grow'n' ole"—  
Sez yo' mam w'en she laid down 'er knitt'n'.

I'se wore'd dem socks t' de meet'n' 'n de pray'n',  
'N hea'd dat v'ice—'n nuth'n' else—a-say'n'—  
Yo' mam a-knitt'n' 'n a-say'n'—  
A-say'n': "Dese socks dey's a-gwine t' be wa'm; good 'n wa'm.  
De groun' et am col'  
'N you's grow'n' ole"—  
Sez yo' mam w'en she laid down 'er knitt'n'.

Et mek no diffunce—en de highe' low fedde'  
I see 'er a-sitt'n'— en all kin' a-wedde'—  
A-sitt'n' en de cornde' 'n a-say'n'—  
A-say'n': "Dese socks dey's a-gwine t' be wa'm; good 'n wa'm.  
De groun' et am col'  
'N you's grow'n' ole"—  
Sez yo' mam w'en she laid down 'er knitt'n'.

Chile! chile! dey's a-mos' played out—dey's ole 'n po' 'n hole-y;  
'N so's de ole man,—he's a-feel'n' ve'y poo'ly.  
(*A-sitt'n' 'n a-knitt'n' 'n a-say'n'—*  
A-say'n': "Dese socks dey's a-gwine t' be wa'm; good 'n wa'm.  
De groun' et am col'  
'N you's grow'n' ole"—  
Sez yo' mam w'en she laid down 'er knitt'n'.)

# THE YOUNG FOLKS.

## THE LAPLANDER'S WEALTH.

BY MRS. S. L. CLAYES.

MANY of my readers know, I dare say, a good deal about the reindeer, upon which the Laplander depends in such various ways. It is far more valuable than any other species of deer, and is the only one that has been domesticated and made serviceable by man. It is a native of far northern countries, where any other graminivorous animal would fail to find sufficient food to preserve its life. The reindeer, however, not only subsists, but thrives, while feeding upon one or two kinds of moss or lichens, and the buds of certain species of Arctic plants.

When full grown, the males are from four and a half to five feet high, with slender, branching antlers, which are flattened at the ends and often more than four feet long. Their feet are marked immediately above the hoofs by a band of white, but the hoof itself is broad, black, and cloven. The two halves, spreading apart when the weight of the animal falls upon them, prevent it from sinking in the snow. When lifted, they strike against each other with a loud click that can be heard at a considerable distance.

These animals are the Laplander's only wealth, his riches being counted by the number of reindeer he possesses. If he owns a thousand, he is a very wealthy man; with two or three hundred, he is independent, if his family is not too large; but if he has no more than one hundred, he is considered poor.

He uses every part of the animal. Its skin forms his clothing, and no garments could be found better fitted to resist the terrible cold of an Arctic winter than those made of reindeer fur. One naturalist tells us: "The hairs composing their coat are indeed so thick that it is hardly possible by separating them in any way to discover the least portion of the naked hide." Another says that a suit of clothing made of deer-skin, with the fur on it, is "so impervious to the cold that, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, a person may

bivouac on the snow with safety in the most intense cold of an Arctic winter's night."

In color their coat is of a dusky brown above, and grayish white beneath. It is always of a deeper hue in summer than in winter; and the little fawns are darker than the full-grown deer. Indeed, the fur becomes gray as the reindeer grows old, and sometimes becomes quite white at the last. The hair on the under side of the neck is much longer than that of any other part of the animal, making something that answers as a sort of mane, although it does not grow in quite the right place.

The Laplanders use the tendons of the animal for thread; and the flesh, which is excellent, forms their principal food. Just underneath the skin, upon the back of the male, is a thick layer of fat, and the flesh and fat are often eaten raw. Like our cows, these useful creatures furnish their owners with milk, and, though each doe yields but a small quantity, it is of a wonderful richness. A herd at milking time is said to be a pretty sight. The girls run about among them with their milking-pails, going from one doe to another, while the men keep each quiet as it is milked, by means of a bark halter thrown around the antlers. The little fawns, which are very weak and helpless at their birth, when feeding upon this rich milk of their mothers, gain in strength so rapidly as to become capable of following the herd and caring for themselves by the time they are four weeks old.

The Laplanders have still another use for their reindeer, harnessing them, as we do our horses, to sledges, in which they draw their owner or his possessions over the snow. They are very fleet, and, although they are capable of performing long journeys without rest, they are always permitted, if it be possible, when going any considerable distance, to stop and graze from time to time upon the moss that forms their principal food. Their sense of smell is so keen that they can detect its odor, even through the deepest snow,



which they will scrape away with horn, hoof, and snout, eating the scanty growth beneath with the greatest apparent relish. As nature has kindly covered their feet, foreheads, and noses with an unusually tough skin, they are able to remove this frozen snow and ice without injury to themselves. Like every other part of the animal, this thick skin is utilized by the Laplander, who finds in it an almost fabulously durable material for a covering for his feet.

Reindeer are always driven in pairs, and are remarkably quiet in harness. With two yoked together before his sledge, a Laplander, it is claimed, will travel more than one hundred English miles in a day. M. Pictet, a French gentleman, made some experiments to ascertain the speed that reindeer were capable of. In these trials they were driven only short distances, and the highest rate attained was that of a little less than nineteen miles per hour. However, at the Palace of Drottingholm in Sweden, there is a finely painted portrait of a reindeer, which is said to have once drawn an officer carrying important dispatches the incredible distance of eight hundred English miles in forty-eight hours, dropping down dead upon its arrival at the end of the journey.

Reindeer are excellent swimmers. Their bodies are extremely buoyant in water;

this, with the great size of their feet, enables them to swim easily and to make rapid way even across strong currents.

Like the buffalo of our plains, they vanish at the approach of civilized man, and are useful only to the more savage tribes. They are endowed by nature with an acute sense of hearing, as well as smell; this, with their great speed and activity, enables them to escape from many of their larger enemies. When attacked by wolves, they defend themselves by kicking furiously, and very seldom fail to conquer when assailed by a single wolf.

There are, however, insect enemies, from whose persecutions they suffer much in the summer season. One of these is more troublesome, and perhaps even more dangerous, to the reindeer than any of its foes of larger growth. This is a kind of gad-fly, which penetrates the skin of the deer, underneath which it lays its eggs. A painful inflammation follows. After the larvæ are hatched, they remain feeding upon the flesh of the poor animal until they become perfect insects with wings, when at last they consent to fly away. Reindeer have a great dread of this insect, and often migrate to the woods and mountains in summer to escape its attacks. Indeed, it is said that the mere sound of its hum is sufficient to put a whole herd to flight.

## THE WATCHING OF THE FALCON.

THE END OF AN OLD TALE.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

### PART II.

IN the opening of the wall rose a long, narrow staircase of black stone, up which Olof bounded three steps at a time. At the top was a small circular room, lined with precious marbles, and on the opposite side was a lofty door-way, from which hung a curtain wrought in silk and gold.

"Is she in there?" whispered Olof to the falcon, suddenly stopping short and twisting his yellow mustache. "I can't go rushing in upon her like this. She'll think I'm a savage."

"Well, I declare!" said the falcon, for being a hen falcon she understood the case in

a second. "Not scared by a demon, and afraid of a young lady."

"A demon is one thing and a young lady is another," said Olof, coloring.

"Go ahead, I tell you," said the falcon, imperiously. "He'll carry her off if you don't hurry."

Thus urged on, Olof lifted the curtain softly. Before him was a room more magnificent than anything the Sea King had ever seen, all shining with silk and gold, precious stones, metals, and jewels; but Olof had eyes for nothing but a couch beneath a lofty window of colored glass, where a lady

lay, as it seemed, in deep sleep. A long robe of pale green silk fell about her slender shape, beneath which peeped one little gold sandaled foot. Her face was turned from him, but falling over the couch to the floor floated her long yellow hair.

"Hurry!" said the falcon; "for those two doors across there lead into the future and the past, and that ivory portal in the corner to the land of dreams; and if she slips away through any of them, you'll have hard work to follow."

Reverently and softly the Norseman drew near, but the falcon, knowing how little time there was for ceremony, flew circling over the lady's head and screamed:

"Wake up! Wake up, quick!"

Waked thus suddenly, the lady sprang to her feet, and throwing back her long hair gazed at the Sea King with wide-open gray eyes, her lips parted in wonder and alarm. She was fairer than any daughter of man Olof had ever seen, and his whole heart and soul went out to her, not only because of her wondrous beauty, but because on her sweet face he read deep sadness and hopelessness, and he longed to comfort her and bring her into light and life.

"Are you a demon?" said the lady, trembling, and laying her white hands on her heart, as if to still its beating.

"No, lady," said Olof, finding his voice with some trouble. "I am a Norseman, Olof Hacon's son of Ormswick."

"Rash, unhappy man!" said the lady, sadly. "How did you come here to your destruction?"

"I don't think it will be my destruction," said Olof, gathering courage, and more and more in love every minute. "I heard of thee, lady, and loved thee, and have come to ask thee to be my bride."

The fair lady was so overcome with Olof's audacity that she dropped to a seat on the couch, and could not find words to express her amazement.

"Sweet one," said Olof, drawing a step nearer, "by thy golden hair and thine eyes like the sea I know thee to be like myself—a child of the Aesir and Vanir—and to a certainty not one of Freya's daughters is fairer. I am the youngest of seven brethren, Vikings all. I am the captain over three long ships and many brave warriors, and I have won wealth and a name. If thou wilt come

with me, I will get myself land and lordship where thou shalt choose, for neither king nor emperor dare refuse what I and my six brethren ask. I will love thee and be faithful to thee all my days, for I am no rover, and till now I never loved woman. Wilt thou come?"

"Oh! oh!" cried the fay lady, coloring deeply. "I have been here eight hundred years, and nobody—*nobody*—ever talked like this to me before. No, never!"

"Mistress," said the falcon, "that is because nobody like him ever was here before. There are no directions about him in the book of spells. And, indeed, he doesn't seem to care a copper for spells. You'll have to make up your mind without a precedent, but for my part I advise you to have him."

"You faithless bird!" said the lady. "How could you bring him here?"

"I didn't; he brought me," returned the falcon, justifying herself. "And he said he'd wring my neck if I didn't come," she added, making her story as big as she could, "and he broke down the door with his ax, and if the guardian Afreet had not scuttled into its hole, he would have stepped on it and scrunched it flat—"

"Audacious man!" said the fay lady. "Why didst thou not keep the watch as others have done?"

"Because, lady," said Olof, "from all I can find out, all the men who did that have come to grief. Besides, in the town by the sea I left my men, and they are a wild lot and need their captain's hand, and I fear if I am away too long, some of them may get drunk and burn the town, and so bring dishonor on my word. Besides, it seems better that I should wait on thee than to make thee come to me."

"Dost thou not know," said the lady, raising her eyes, "that I am no earthly, but a ghostly, thing?" But as she spoke the color ran over her face.

"That art thou not?" said Olof, smiling. "I have seen many a ghost, and their eyes do not shine and melt, nor their color come and go like thine. He who holds thee here may have told thee so, but believe me, thou art a woman of my race, a real thing, and no phantom."

"Alas!" said the lady, "hast thou never heard of the king of this land, and how I was compelled to be his ruin?"

"Lady," said Olof, "believe me, that king was a poor stick of a man to give up a bride like thee at a word. He was no lover, nor fit mate for thee. It is no wonder that he was beaten and driven out, for he never was cut out to be a leader, and he would have come to ruin if he had never seen thee."

"But I am under a spell," said the lady, making no effort to defend the King of Armenia.

"If by a spell you mean a rune," said Olof. "I know lots of them myself, and sing them sometimes when I work at the forge for fun; but I put more trust in my ax and sword, and in the Allfather who has given me strength to wield them."

"I must grant thee any boon thou canst name," said the lady, timidly.

"I want naught but thine own sweet self, of thine own sweet will."

"I can teach thee great wisdom."

"Thou shalt teach me what thou wilt when thou art my wife. My brother Eric's wife has taught him to read and write the Roman tongue. They are as happy as doves together, and she never saw him in her life till the hour he wedded her. A fair woman she is, but not to compare with thee."

"I can give thee the treasures of Solomon."

"I have plenty; and if I come short, I dare say I can make Solomon pay me tribute if I try," said the Norseman, who was not well read in Shemitic history; "and besides, I would rather give my wife riches than take them from her."

"I can make thee powerful over men."

"I am that already, as thou wilt find when thou comest with me."

"But I *can't* go with you, you great stupid, obstinate creature," said the lady, stamping her little foot, much more like an earthly than a ghostly thing. "Don't you know I am bound here by enchantment and can't step over the threshold?"

"Thou shalt not need, for I will pick thee up and carry thee in one hand and my ax in the other. Come, put thy dear little hands in mine, and be my wife in all honor, and I will risk the enchantment," said Olof, holding out his own hands towards her.

But at that instant, a low, rushing sound as of a great wind far away, was heard in the distance; the hawk screamed, "He's coming! He's coming!" and danced wildly up

and down on her perch, and the fay lady, I suppose, lost her presence of mind; for instead of escaping by any of the three magic doors that opened into her room, she threw herself into Olof's arms and clung to him like a scared kitten.

"He is coming!" she cried, "save thyself and—me too." She added, "If you can, but alas! I shall be thy ruin, too."

"Not thou," said Olof, as he kissed her. "Stand behind me, and leave my arm free, and thou shalt see whether or not thou hast chosen a man."

The lady obeyed him and stood silent with clasped hands, while the rushing noise as of huge wings swelled and grew louder every minute.

"He's here," screeched the falcon, and the next instant the solid wall flew open and then shut with a clang, as the demon rushed through.

And now, young people, I can give you no idea of what a dreadful creature this mysterious being was. If he was any shape at all, he was something like a cross between a bat and a cuttlefish, standing upright on two dragon legs with brazen scales. Lofty as was the ceiling, his head touched the gilded rafters. Every rib of his great bat's wings terminated in sharp claws, and long feelers, with poison fangs coming out in all directions from his shapeless body, writhing and clutching to catch and destroy; and in the midst of these feelers was a hideous, hairless head with fiery eyes and grinning teeth. This horrid thing flung itself between Olof and the door leading outward, and the Viking turned and faced it, still keeping the lady at his back.

"Die, rash mortal!" screamed the demon, in a voice like a thousand saws.

"Not to please you," said Olof, heaving up his great war ax. "Stand back and give way to my bride and me."

"Audacious man," said the demon, in an awful tone. "Know you not that if I speak one dreadful word of power, you will wither to ashes?"

"Speak away!" said Olof, "for all I care."

"I'll tear you limb from limb," screamed the demon, but it did not escape Olof's notice that, though the creature brandished its claws about in the most threatening and awful manner, it took very good care to keep out of the range of the ax.

"Go, or when I have counted three I shall speak the spell," said the demon, flapping its wings wildly and throwing down a great deal of decorative bric-a-brac in the room with the wind thus raised.

"Get out, you ugly brute!" said Olof, striking a mighty blow at the demon who dodged it, and in a great hurry began to chant in deep sepulchral tones its awful spell of power.

Now this was the way the spell ran: "In-try, mintry, cutrey, corn—" but he never finished; for Olof, in a fury, closed with him. There was a dreadful noise for a minute. The demon howled, the falcon screamed and struck at him with beak and talon whenever she could find a chance; the ax blows resounded, but the fay lady stood silent with white lips and clasped hands; only in her heart she prayed to Odin, of whom she knew nothing except what she had heard from Olof. At last, with a fortunate stroke Olof brought the creature to the ground and set his foot upon it, but, lo and behold, as he raised the ax for the last blow, there seemed to be nothing under his foot, but a little wisp of something soft that in a weak little voice cried "Quee, quee, quee!"

Olof was too wary to take up his foot, but he bent and picked up between his finger and thumb a little withered-looking thing about four inches long, that looked like a bit of cucumber vine after the frost, with little mites of paws that waggled helplessly about and a head not so big as a mouse's. "Quee-e-quee-e!" it said, and while the Norseman hesitated whether to give it a final squeeze or throw it away, the falcon pounced, snatched it, and bolted it in a second.

"Dear me!" said the falcon, wiping her bill, "he was much better in death than in life. I have not had anything so good for centuries, uh!" continued the bird with a sentimental air. "What lovely fat mice our dear parents used to bring us when we were nestlings! Come away, O friends, for I long immensely to go a mousing."

But Olof and the lady neither heard nor heeded, for they were too much taken up with each other, and because with all that she had gone through and the new experiences that were rushing in upon her like a flood, the poor lady was trembling so that she could not stand. Olof lifted her slight form on his

left arm and with his ax in his right hand, lest other dangers might lie in wait, he carried her down the stairs and through the hall and out of that dark castle, where all the gates now stood wide open, into the free air. The falcon flew beside them, and nothing hindered their way. They passed the lofty portal just as the sun was rising over the mountain, but as they turned to look once more upon the place, a mist began to rise from the castle's battlements, and in less than five minutes the whole fabric had melted away into thin air, and the lake, before so black and still, rolled in golden ripples under the sunshine.

I leave you to imagine with what joy and wonder the old Armenian doctor and the page received Olof and his bride, and how the Sea King's men cheered and shouted when their leader returned to them victorious with his prize. They made a great wedding feast, and offered due rites and sacrifice upon the sea shore to the gods of the North, and then they sailed away, taking with them the falcon (who took most of the credit of the victory to herself), and the old Armenian, who had no ties in his own land.

Now, because Olof loved the sea and its winds and waves, his lady, who had no particular country of her own, learned to love them too, and Olof won for himself a sovereignty over the Western Isles that men now call the Hebrides. He ruled wisely and well, and men gathered beneath his banner, and he did them right and justice.

The Armenian doctor lived with them till he died at a great age, and he told Olof's boys so many tales of dreadful things that had overtaken young men who would leave their homes to go a roving, that their father had the greatest difficulty in keeping them beside him till they were sixteen.

As for the falcon, she took to herself a mate, whom she henpecked extremely, as is the fashion of all the birds of prey, and of her came the race of Peregrine or pilgrim falcons.

Now as for Olof and his wife, they loved each other more and more every year, but when and how they ended their days I know not; nor whether they died like other mortals, or they passed into that border-land where dwell King Arthur, and Ogier the Dane, and Thomas the Rhymer; but so long as they lived no evil spell or charm had power over them or theirs.

## VERY SOUR GRAPES: A STORY OF MALTA.

BY DAVID KER

THERE were few sharper fellows in the Maltese port of Valetta, and there were certainly very few greater rogues, than old Jacopo Feroni, who was a boatman, a guide, an interpreter, and a fruit-seller. Jacopo's enemies used to say that he found fruit-selling the most profitable of all, and it was undoubtedly the one for which he appeared to be naturally fitted. His long, skinny fingers seemed made on purpose to slide into other people's pockets, or through half-open doors and windows; and his one eye had the look of being always on the watch for a chance of playing some cunning trick upon every one whom he met. As one might expect, Jacopo had plenty of ill-wishers, who, having suffered from his rogueries, would have liked nothing better than to see him punished. But to trap such a sly old fellow was no easy matter.

Now, it happened that one morning a British transport steamer came into Valetta harbor, bringing home a number of sick and wounded soldiers from the Black Sea, this being the time of the Crimean War. Of course she was instantly surrounded with a swarm of shore boats, and among the first to run alongside was our friend Jacopo Feroni, who never lost a chance of turning a penny or of stealing one.

On her way westward, the transport had touched at one of the Greek islands to take in some fruit for the sick men, and the head steward had bought a large stock of grapes to refresh the invalids when they were thirsty. Unluckily, some of the finest grapes were not quite ripe when he got them, so he had kept them hanging in the sun ever since, just inside the porthole of his pantry.

"You'd better shift those grapes somewhere else, Harris," said the first officer, as the steamer glided into the harbor. "The gang-way runs up just outside, and some of these Maltese rascals are certain to spy the fruit and reach in for it as they come up the ladder."

"It'll be 'sour grapes' on 'em, if they do, sir," answered the steward, with a grin. "I wouldn't put *my* hand into that basket, not if you was to give me a shilling for it."

"Why, what is it? Let me see."

"Bless you, sir, don't you touch it, unless you want to give the doctor a job," cried Mr. Harris, catching his arm. "Look here!"

He cautiously lifted the topmost bunch of grapes, and displayed a large rat-trap, with the spring set.

"Not a bad idea," chuckled the officer; "your trap's nicely baited, and I'll be bound you'll soon find some game in it."

And so it proved. The tempting fruit did not escape Master Jacopo's keen eye, and in a moment his long, lean, supple hand slipped like an eel through the porthole and into the basket. Instantly a frightful yell was heard, which made everybody rush to the spot; but when they saw Jacopo Feroni capering and screeching like a madman, with his arm thrust through the porthole, they easily guessed what had happened.

"Hollo, old chap!" shouted a sailor, looking over the ship's side at him. "Has your fist grown too big for the porthole all of a sudden?"

"Hadn't you better cut off your hand, Uncle Jacopo?" cried a big Italian boatman from below. "I'll lend you my knife with pleasure, if you haven't got one."

"Squeeze your body in through the hole, if you can't get your hand out," hallooed a fruit-seller, whose basket had suffered more than once from Feroni's light fingers.

The news of Jacopo's misfortune spread like wildfire. The deck above and the waters below were all alive with grinning faces, and the jeers and laughter grew louder and louder every moment, till it seemed to poor old Jacopo as if the whole population of Malta had assembled to make merry over his punishment, which he had certainly well deserved. At last the head steward took pity upon him, and opened the trap, when our luckless hero, binding up his bleeding fingers as well as he could, slunk away amid a roar of laughter that seemed to shake the very air. But the mishap taught him a very good lesson, and there was not much heard of his thieving after that.







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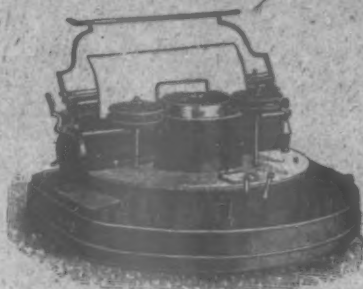
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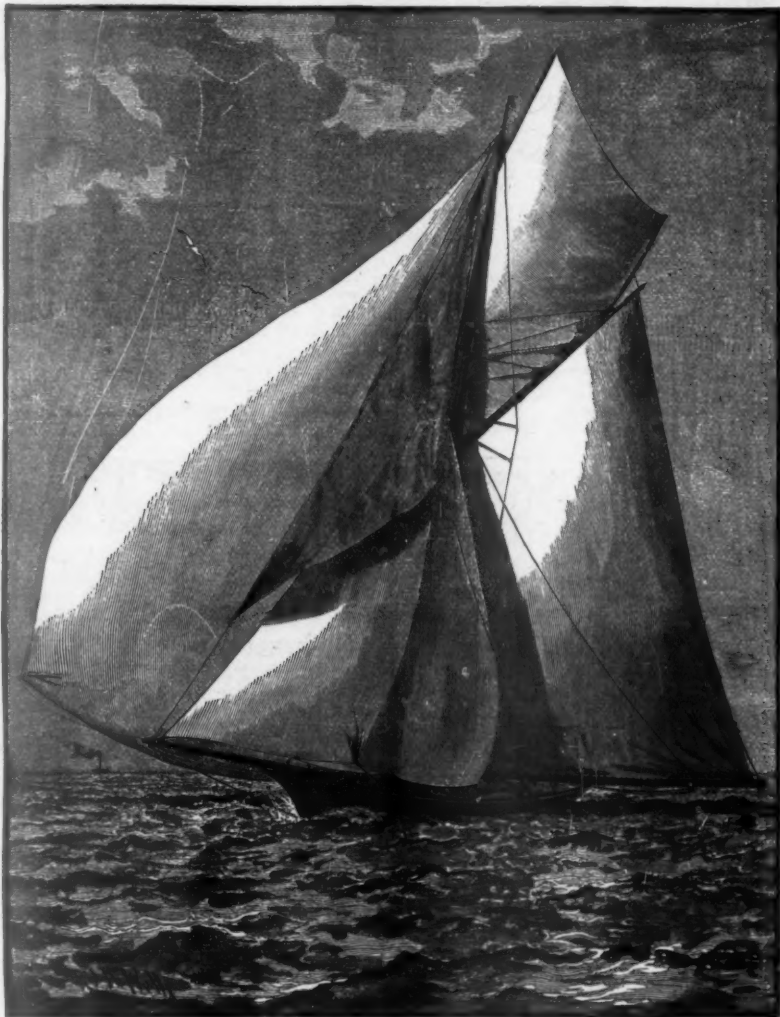
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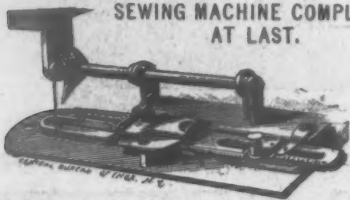
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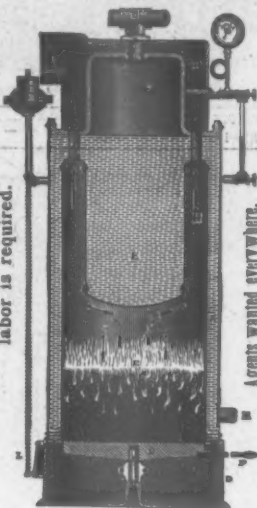
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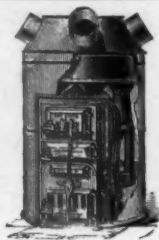
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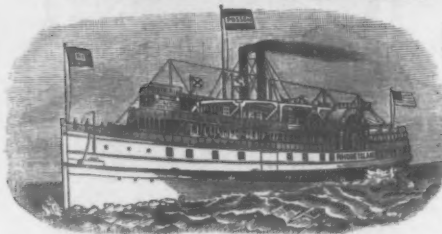
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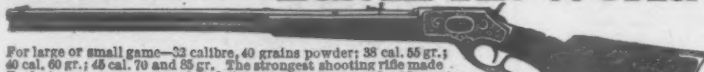
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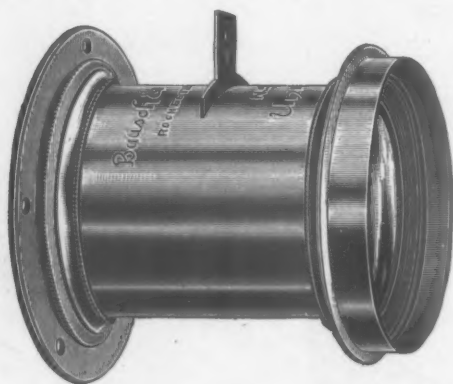
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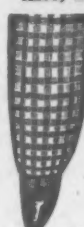
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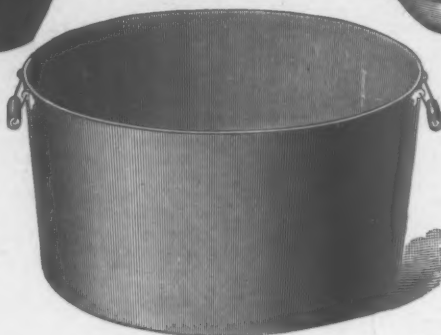
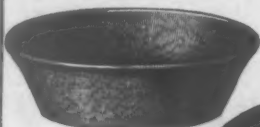
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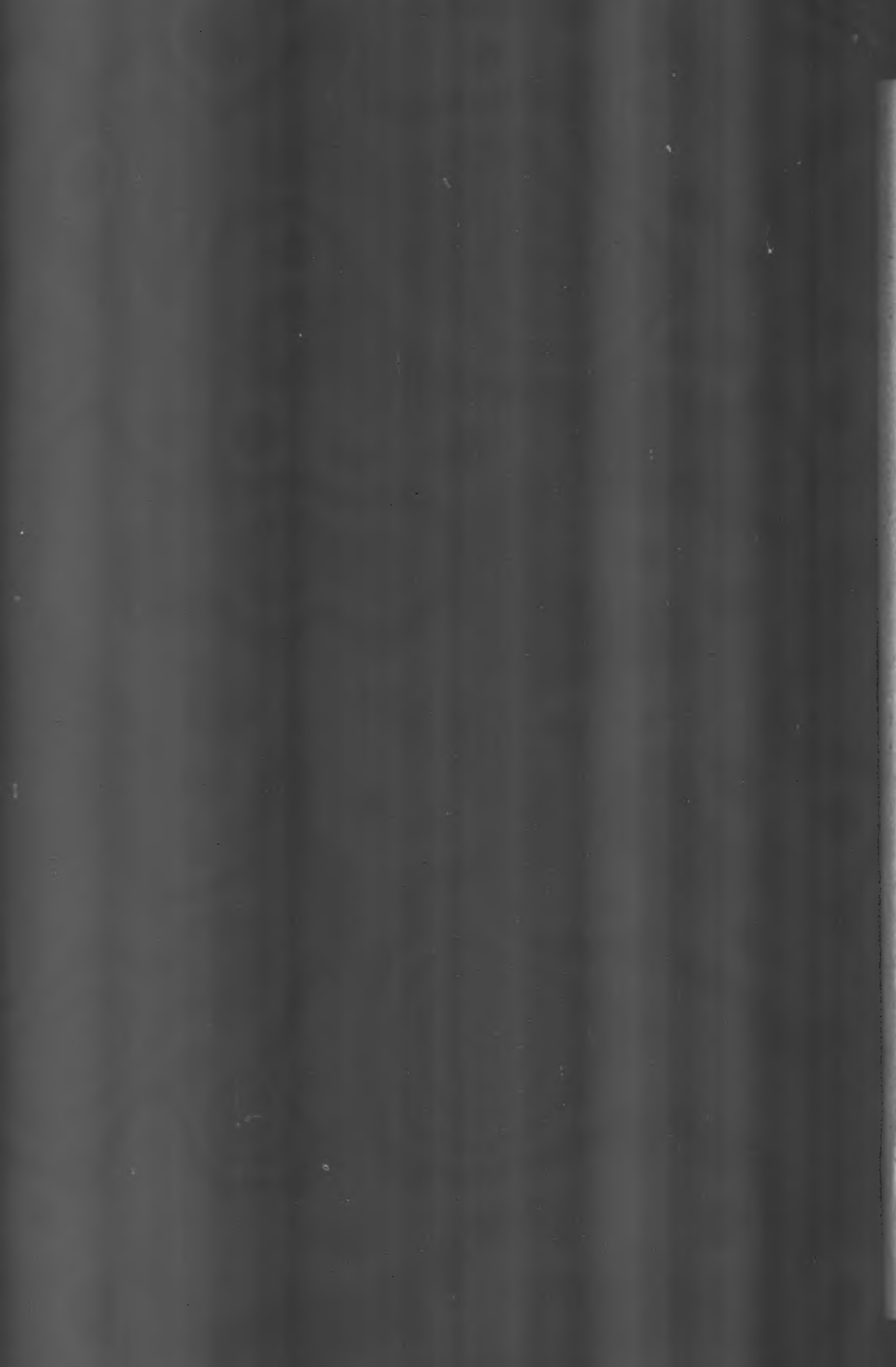
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